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# Daily Mirror

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE OPPOSING GENERALS—KUROKI AND—



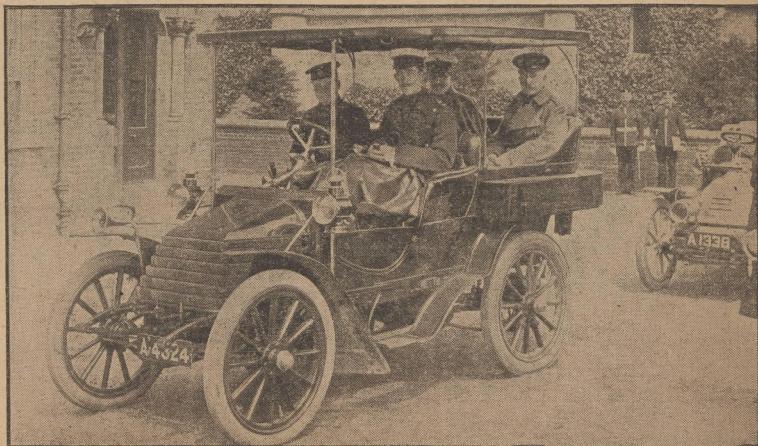
General Kuroki, on the left of this photograph, is watching the effect of the Japanese fire. The officer on his right is his chief of staff, General Fugi, who is evidently in high glee over the successful results.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

—KUROPATKIN.



Kuropatkin wonders what will be the next move of the Japanese. He is seen here scanning the mountain passes through a field telescope.—(Photo by Victor Bulla, war correspondent. Copyright of the "Sphere.")

ACCIDENT TO THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



The Duke of Connaught had a miraculous escape from death on Thursday evening. While proceeding in his motor-car from Edinburgh to Gosford House, the Earl of Wemyss's seat, in Haddingtonshire, the motor-car ran into a heavily-laden cart, and the car was split into two pieces. His Royal Highness sustained a severe scalp wound. The Duke is seen in the above picture in his motor-car, with some officers of his staff.—(Russell and Sons.)

13-YEAR-OLD JOHN ROBERTS.



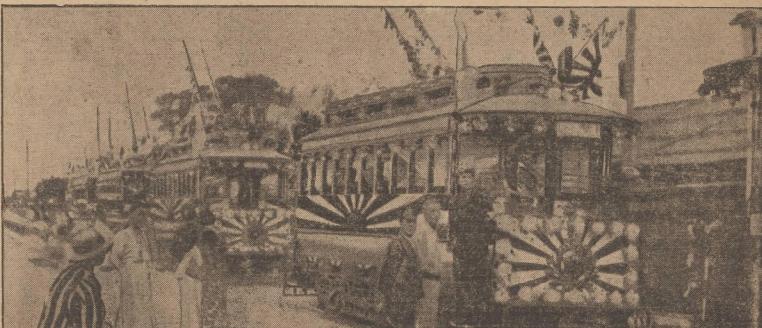
The thirteen-year-old boy, Tom Tothill, son of a Bury hotel-keeper, who at the age of twelve made a break at billiards of 107. His tutor, H. W. Stevenson, prophesies a great future for him as a billiard player.

CHAMPION LADY SWIMMER.



Miss A. S. Allardyce, of the Battersea S.C., who has just won the 100 yards Southern Counties Ladies' Swimming Championship.

ELATED JAPS CELEBRATING THEIR VICTORIES.



Some of the trams in Tokio, decorated in celebration of victories gained by the Japanese in the war in Manchuria.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")



## RUSSIAN ROUT.

Paralysing Blow Inflicted  
on Kuropatkin's Army.

### FLIGHT TO MUKDEN.

The Bloodiest Battle of Modern  
Times.

### 38 GUNS CAPTURED.

Port Arthur's Last Hope Com-  
pletely Gone.

To-day Russia is reeling under the most disastrous  
blow that has befallen her arms during the present  
war.

Little more than a week ago General Kuropatkin,  
with an army strongly reinforced, began a general  
advance from Mukden upon the Japanese positions  
north of Liao-yang.

And now the great Russian army, shattered and  
broken by the bloodiest battle fought in modern  
days, is retreating in hopeless confusion along the  
road by which it came.

The onset was heralded by brave and arrogant  
words:

"The inflexible wish of the Emperor that we  
should vanquish the foe will be inexorably fulfilled,"  
declared the Russian General in an order addressed  
to his troops.

The bravado of his words did not conceal the  
note of anxiety in his final adjuration: "Remember  
how necessary victory is, the more speedily to  
revere our brothers at Port Arthur."

### THE CLASH OF ARMS.

Last Sunday the two armies came into touch,  
and a fierce artillery duel opened the battle.

During the five days that have since elapsed,  
half a million men have been at death-grips around the  
Japanese positions near the Yentai Mines.

The battle opened with a success for the Russian  
arms. Falling upon General Kuroki's division in  
overwhelming force, Kuropatkin caused him to  
abandon a strong position at Ben-Isa-pu.

It was the only advantage they were destined to  
gain. Though fighting bravely and obstinately,  
they have not been able to stand before the might  
of the Japanese army.

Two messages dispatched by General Kuro-  
patkin to St. Petersburg fully reveal the terrible  
flight of his army.

### FAILURE ADMITTED.

The first message admits that the attack delivered  
on the right, and met by General Oku, was a  
failure, owing to a Japanese night attack.

The second message announces that the centre  
has been beaten back by General Nodzu. The  
force on the left, which operated so successfully  
against General Kuroki at the beginning, is in  
grave danger of being cut off.

Marshal Oyama's reports to Tokio announce the  
capture of thirty-eight Russian guns, with many  
ammunition wagons and prisoners. His latest mes-  
sage reports that the Japanese are still making  
satisfactory progress.

### FIERCER THAN LIAO-YANG.

One account sets down the Russian losses at  
37,000, while the aggregate losses of both sides are  
estimated in another quarter at the stupendous  
figure of 80,000.

The injurious effect of this reverse upon the  
Russian army cannot be overestimated. In their  
confused retreat upon Mukden, the routed regi-  
ments cannot fail to realise the vastness of the  
disaster.

Port Arthur, on the relief of which their hopes  
have so long been fixed, is now left beyond all  
salvation.

The brave and high-minded dispatches of  
General Stoessel do not serve to conceal the ex-  
treme straits of the beleaguered fortress. Dis-  
patches from Rome and Berlin agree in indicating  
that the end is now only a matter of days.

The cup of Russia's bitterness is indeed full.

### POSITIONS ABANDONED.

Kuropatkin Reports Russian Failure  
on Both Wings.

Sr. PETERSBURG, Friday.—General Kuropatkin  
telegraphed as follows:—

"The final issue of the fighting of October 12 on  
the right flank was a failure for us, owing to a  
Japanese night attack."

"Our troops were not only forced to abandon  
their position, but again lost the guns which they  
had recovered from the Japanese."

"Our troops retreated to a position prepared  
beforehand on the Sha-ho."

Cold, fine and dry at first, then unsettled, with some rain on Sunday; easterly winds. TO-DAY'S WEATHER {Lighting-up time: 6.6 p.m.; Sunday, 6.4 p.m. Sea passages will be rather rough.

### CONTINUOUS ATTACK.

Oyama's Official Account of Oku's  
Brilliant Success.

TOKIO, Friday.—Marshal Oyama reports that  
fighting is going on along almost the entire front,  
and that the Japanese are making satisfactory pro-  
gress.

"The left army was, since Tuesday night, con-  
tinuously attacking the enemy posted near the  
railway within ten miles north of Yentai.

"The central column of the left army, after re-  
pulsing enemy's strong force, occupied, on Wednes-  
day afternoon, Lant-ze-chich, five miles north-  
west of Yentai, capturing sixteen guns.

"Thereupon it immediately pursued the enemy,  
retreating in disorder, and captured four more guns  
during the pursuit.

"The enemy twice attempted desperate counter-  
attacks, but was each time repulsed with heavy  
losses."

"The right column of the left army, while pur-  
suing the enemy near Shi-li-ho, captured five guns  
and five ammunition wagons."—Reuter.

### WHOLE SQUADRONS ANNIHILATED.

One correspondent describing the fighting on the  
left says that several Japanese squadrons dashed  
against the flanks of the Veronech Regiment, but  
not a man reached the Russian lines, and not a man  
returned. The Veronech Regiment was again attac-  
ked by the Japanese and this time itself suffered  
frightful loss. The opposing forces at this point  
were within 100 paces of each other, taking cover  
behind trees.

### FULL PARTICULARS WITHHELD.

General Kuropatkin's last message to St. Peters-  
burg repeats the fact that the Russians have sus-  
tained considerable losses, but certain reasons have  
prevented the General Staff from giving the list  
of casualties, the number of guns lost, and the  
names of the regiments engaged in the fighting.

### PORt ARTHUR'S DIRE EXTREMITIES.

The desperate straits of Port Arthur are revealed  
by the latest tidings from that quarter.

It is stated that Admiral Togo has landed thirty-  
seven large siege guns, to be employed in a re-  
newed general assault on the stronghold.

Another account says that the last forts have  
fallen before the Japanese assault, and that only  
the town now remains to be taken.

### REGATTA OF CORPSES.

Grim Example of Sporting Instinct  
at the War.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MOSCOW, Tuesday.—"While resting after our  
crossing of the Taitse-ho," writes Comte Grigoryev-  
off, of Kuropatkin's rearguard, "I witnessed an  
incident which will give you some idea of the good  
humour and callousness of our brave remnant."

"Many bodies, both of men and horses, were  
floating down the river to the east. Nobody  
bothered about them. But when the men were at  
dinner I went over to the bridge, and saw two  
soldiers, one slightly wounded, holding a dead Jap  
and a dead Siberian, and shouting loudly."

"I watched. The wounded man bawled out  
start, and the two released the bodies, and let  
them float down stream."

"What the — are you doing?" I asked.  
Having a race, sir," said the wounded man.

"Though I ordered them to drop the sport, I  
saw them on their way back looking furiously over  
their shoulders to see whether the Jap or the Rus-  
sian was winning."

### WHERE IGNORANCE IS

Quaint Russian Views of the War and  
the Japs.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

St. PETERSBURG, Monday.—A correspondent of  
the "Russko Slovo" gives the following quaint  
picture of peasant ignorance concerning the war:—

"I heard an old man of sixty thus delivering  
himself: 'The Japanese are not human beings, but  
monkeys with strong teeth which go through anything.  
They don't mind bullets, but catch them in  
their mouths and swallow them. They hop about  
among trees like squirrels, and can live in  
the water.'

"His listeners did not reply, except one, who re-  
peated amazedly, 'Awful, awful!'

"The cause of the war finds equally strange ex-  
planations. Some say, 'The Chinese Empress  
gave us Manchuria and the Japs want to take it  
away.' Others say, 'Our soldiers went to Japan  
and stole timber, so the Japs are angry.'

"All think that Russia must win, 'if the  
Kitaïs (Chinese) don't attack us.' Of China, with  
its innumerable hordes, there is everywhere among  
the peasants a mysterious, indefinable terror."

### SOCIETY MURDER PLOT.

Formidable Indictment in the  
Bonmartini Trial.

Throughout not only Italy, but practically the  
whole of Europe, with each successive day of the  
trial of the Countess Bonmartini and her lover, with  
their alleged confederates, for the murder of Count  
Bonmartini, the interest in the case grows greater.  
Yesterday the indictment was formally read to  
the prisoners in the court at Turin, and those who  
were privileged to be present as spectators of the trial  
listened with amazement to the sensational  
charges.

TOKIO, Friday.—When the accused arrived at the  
court this morning a huge crowd had assembled.

Before the opening of the sitting one of the jury-  
men focussed a camera on the dock in order to  
photograph the prisoners when they entered the court.

At nine o'clock the prisoners were brought into  
court, and the presiding judge enjoined them to pay  
attention to what they were about to hear.

The clerk of the court then read the indictment.  
The document, which is very long, begins with a  
description of the circumstances in which Count  
Bonmartini's body was discovered, and contains a  
detailed list of the wounds inflicted by his mur-  
derers.

A thrill of horror ran through the court as these  
gruesome details were read out. The Countess  
Linda sat throughout this recital with downcast  
eyes, while Tullio and Dr. Secchi appeared abso-  
lutely indifferent.

The indictment, on the face of it, constitutes an  
accusation of the most formidable character.  
Reuter's Special.

### SAUSAGE COAT-OF-ARMS.

Hungarian Aristocrat's Revenge on a  
Wealthy Grocer.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

VIENNA, Tuesday.—An amusing law case will  
shortly come before the Courts at Buda Pesth.

A provision dealer of Buda, having acquired a  
large fortune, contrived by sending a letter in his  
pseudonym to transform it into one of the most aristocratic surnames in the kingdom.

He also adopted the crest of the family whose  
name he had usurped, and boasted that he was  
related to them.

One morning the parvenu awoke to find his front  
door and his carriage panels decorated with a  
quaint coat of arms, in which a string of sausages  
and a pot of jam played a prominent part.

Next night the injured man laid a trap for his  
tormentors, and caught a youthful son of the rival  
house decorating the spikes of his gate with real  
sausages. A fight ensued, in which the tradesman  
was worsted, and he is now bringing an action for  
trespass and assault.

### MYSTEROUS BIDDER.

Anonymous Stranger's Large Pur-  
chases at Anglesey Castle.

Seated at the rear of the tent, with a commission  
agent in attendance, the mysterious gentleman who  
has purchased all the best of the Marquis of  
Anglesey's possessions yesterday secured the best  
books in the library at prices which made dealers  
smile ironically.

He paid £37 for bound volumes of a sporting  
magazine, and £21 for Mason's "British Birds." Of  
£500 which yesterday's sale realised, this  
mysterious bidder was responsible for £200.

The auctioneer does not know who he is, and he  
pays all his liabilities in cash. His agent is equally  
reticent, and has taken every precaution to ensure  
anonymity.

The personal appearance of the stranger has led  
to the suggestion that he is an American.

### IMPALED ON GAS JETS.

Fall of a Woman from Top of Vendome  
Column.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.—A miserable-looking old  
woman threw herself yesterday afternoon off the  
top of the July Column in the Place de la Bastille.

Several people saw her falling through the air,  
and fled right and left to escape an accident. Her  
body lay at the base of the column just above the  
door, and was impaled upon a range of gas-jets,  
while her brains were scattered all over the  
water-masonry.

She was taken to the Morgue, as no means of  
identification were found upon her body.

## FIVE-DAY HORSE RACE

Animals Cruelly Driven a  
Distance of 460 Miles.

### PUBLIC INDIGNATION.

PARIS, Friday.—The finish of what was regarded  
by many spectators as a senseless and brutal per-  
formance was witnessed here to-day, when the  
competitors in the Bordeaux to Paris horse race  
arrived.

The poor beasts had been ridden or driven 460  
miles, the winner covering the distance in 50 hours  
40 minutes.

They have been arriving all day. Many were  
lame, all were pitifully exhausted, and some are  
not expected to survive.

Public opinion has been pretty freely expressed.  
The hearts of the people were moved by the suffer-  
ings of the poor beasts, and it is not likely that  
another such race will be allowed.

The winner, Anatole, reached the winning-post  
at Versailles at 5.15 this morning.

The contest was open to mounted horses and  
horses harnessed to sulky, and when the start was  
made last Sunday half-a-dozen of the former and  
forty-one of the latter were sent on the long  
journey.

### SIXTEEN MILES AN HOUR.

Anatole, a harnessed competitor, took the lead  
at once, and kept it, and when he trotted into Vier-  
sailles the horse looked, considering its long jour-  
ney, very fresh.

On the first day Anatole travelled 82 miles, on  
the second 84, on the third 90, on the fourth 97,  
and on the fifth he did not stop until he had covered  
100 miles. His average pace was 16 miles an hour.

From Linoures the victor was followed by four  
enthusiastic sportsmen with as many motor-cars,  
and the glare of their lamps, in the darkness made a  
picturesque spectacle. When midnight came the  
motor men went off to bed, and Anatole and his  
driver were left alone.

Unhappily M. Bordes, when he was near Anger-  
ville, made a mistake and took a wrong turning,  
but a friendly motor man on learning what had  
happened went in pursuit and piloted Anatole  
to the straight road for Versailles. The error cost  
him over seven miles.

The second to arrive was the mare Favole,  
also harnessed, at 6.41. She was very much  
fatigued, having lost both her hind shoes.

Follette, also harnessed, was third, at 7.48, and  
the others were coming in all day long.

### CRIMINAL'S MASQUERADE.

Rogue Substitutes Himself for Dead  
Man and Cheats the Police.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—The police have again laid  
hands on Marie-Ferdinand Conrad, whose life has  
been a series of crimes, sentences, and escapes.

After undergoing four sentences he changed his  
identity, masquerading as a man named Desjardins  
whose papers he stole. As Desjardins he was  
sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

On his release he disappeared, but was at last  
found in a hospital, as the result of a fight with  
knives. There was a dying man in the same ward,  
and the so-called Desjardins managed to substitute  
himself for this man in such a way that when the  
police came to arrest him they were confronted  
with his death certificate.

As the dead man he went through military  
service, but was again sentenced to five years'  
imprisonment.

He a few days later jumped out of a window, but  
was recaptured after a fearful struggle.

He next incurred two years' imprisonment, but  
feigned a skin disease by rubbing his hands with  
herbs, and thus evaded rigorous confinement.

He escaped again, and has been swindling in  
Paris up to his last capture.

It is the Bertillon system which has revealed  
the identity of this rogue.

### CROWNING OF THE KING.

Over a hundred portraits, including a splendid  
likeness of the King, are crowded into the great  
Coronation picture painted by Mr. E. A. Abbey,  
R.A.

The canvas is twenty feet in length, and glows  
with the vivid colour of the stately scene it repre-  
sents.

The picture will shortly be exhibited at the  
Hanover Galleries, New Bond-street, by Messrs.  
Agnew.

### LADY CURZON'S GRAVE CONDITION.

From inquiries at Walmer Castle last night the  
MIRROR representative learned that Lady Curzon's  
condition showed no change, but was very serious.

Sir Thomas Barlow, Dr. Champneys, and Dr.  
Cheyne are now at the Castle.

Another specialist was called in yesterday on  
blood-poisoning.

Her ladyship was moved to another room.

Lord Curzon bears up well, but is much wor-  
ried by anxiety.

**DOLL OF DISCORD.**

**Mr. Stead Denounces the Pinerotic Puppet.**

**THE PLAYWRIGHT'S VIEW.**

"It will have to be altered; it must be altered." That was how Mr. Stead began a conversation with a *Mirror* representative yesterday. He had been to Wyndham's theatre to see "A Wife Without a Smile" on the evening before, and was still boiling over with indignation about the incidents in which the famous doll plays the leading part. "It simply cannot go on as it is," Mr. Stead continued. "The doll episode must be toned down. What do I think of the piece? I think it ought to be publicly burned. It is an outrage."

**Simply Disgraceful.**

"When the doll was first introduced I laughed. It was a funny idea. But carried so far as it is it is simply disgraceful, and the whole tone of the play is bad. Compared with some of the characters in it Caliban was a highly-cultured, civilised gentleman."

"Of my first play, 'The Tempest,' I said that, if all plays were like that, nothing could be said against the theatre. By my second, 'His Majesty's Servant,' I was less favourably impressed. But I say that if all plays were like 'A Wife Without a Smile' no decent person could ever enter a theatre again."

"But I am sure the thing will be altered," concluded Mr. Stead. "In fact, it has got to be altered."

But in spite of Mr. Stead's strongly-worded opinion, and the chorus of disapproval that has been called forth by the improper puppet, there are no signs that the play will be either withdrawn or modified.

**Mr. Pinero's Opinion.**

Mr. Pinero, interviewed by a Press representative, has emphatically denied that the doll is in any way improper.

"Any indecency that exists," he said, "exists solely in the minds and consciences of the spectators of the play."

"I do not envy any gentleman in whose mind exists such a preposterous idea that there is any indecency or suggestiveness in the dancing-doll scenes."

The manager of Wyndham's Theatre takes the same attitude.

"We do not care anything about Mr. Stead's opinion," he said, "and we endorse Mr. Pinero's statement that any indecency which exists is solely in the minds of those who allege indecency."

"And we have no intention of either withdrawing or modifying the play."

The O.P. Club, in view of the interest aroused by the production of Mr. Pinero's play, "A Wife Without a Smile," will on Friday, October 21, in the club room, discuss: "Mr. Pinero, the Poet Laureate, and Indecent Pierouetting," with special reference to Mr. Alfred Austin's recent remarks on the stage, wherein he deplored that it is largely given over to "indecent pierouetting."

**COLONY FOR WEAK-MINDED POOR.**

**Proposal That Makes for the Good of the Helpless Afflicted.**

Good work is being done by the National Association for the Feeble-minded, in the way of making the lot of these unfortunate people as happy and comfortable as possible.

The latest proposal is that a colony should be formed for their isolation, as being best for them and best for the race.

Such a colony, Dr. Tredgold suggests, might be State-aided. In the present dearth of agricultural labour a double end might be gained, since for this work many of them were well suited.

The presence of untrained feeble-minded, free to roam about at will, was a standing menace both to present and future society.

But so long as this class were capable of earning an honest living any interference with their liberty must be carefully considered.

We are requested to state that the article about the lady accountants practising in London was not inserted by her wish or with her knowledge.

**Fels-Naptha**

improves fast colours; and, generally, don't run what water alone don't run.

Shrinks woollens but little; leaves them soft.

Go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

**PLEA FOR THE POOR.****No Government Money to Meet Coming Distress.**

The Government has decided to provide no money to alleviate the distress among the poor, and looks upon any proposals to alter the present Poor Law unfavourably.

These important statements were made by Mr. Long, yesterday, to the conference of the London Boards of Guardians, which was held at the Local Government Board offices in Whitehall.

The conference was called by Mr. Long, in response to many appeals for Government action, to consider the best means of dealing with the distress anticipated during the coming winter.

Mr. Long said he had asked the delegates to meet him so that they might find what the existing state of affairs was, and what steps might be taken to deal with any emergency that might arise. He was also hopeful that the foundations of a permanent system for dealing with exceptional distress might be laid.

But he said that he had no reason to believe that at present they were face to face with any grave crisis.

It was proposed that the Government should undertake various works to provide work for the unemployed, but Mr. Long at once replied that he could not support any such idea.

Upon Mr. W. Crooks suggesting that the whole of the possible work in the kingdom should be scheduled, and that when any need arose that work which was best fitted the suffering locality should be given it, Mr. Long said the proposal could not be carried out without legislation, but he would consider it carefully.

**GORED BY A BULL.****Furious Beast Turns Savagely on Its Driver and Kills Him.**

An aged Ayrshire farmer, John Barclay, was driving a herd of cattle to his fields yesterday when a young bull turned and furiously charged him.

It knocked him down, and, plunging its horns again and again into the old man's body, gored him to death.

A cyclist who was passing by attempted to render Barclay assistance, but the beast turned upon him and gored him also, and he narrowly escaped with his life.

The unhappy farmer's body was terribly injured, and most of his clothes were torn to shreds.

**JUMP FOR LIFE.****Fat Causes a Fire in a Fried Fish Bar.**

The premises in Wilton-road, Pimlico, occupied by the proprietor of a fried-fish bar, named Davis, were destroyed by fire early yesterday afternoon. There were exciting escapes from the burning building, many customers being present at the time of the outbreak.

The fire originated through some fat in which fish was being cooked igniting, the flames spreading to other pans.

The proprietor's wife and the servants managed to escape by the back of the house, the son first securing all valuables. The father ran upstairs, and found himself cut off by the flames. He made his way to a window on the second storey, and jumping through it fell heavily upon an iron grating beneath, sustaining fracture of the skull, arm, and legs.

By the time the brigade arrived the fire was beyond control, and the firemen's efforts were directed towards saving the adjoining premises. A number of horses stabled next door were only rescued with difficulty.

**"TWINING, THE TEA MAN."****Celebrated Strand Resort Becomes a Company After 200 Years.**

After two centuries of trading in the Strand, Twinings, the great tea merchants, have yielded to the tendency of the age and become a limited liability company.

Twinings' shop was opened in 1710, and it at once became a noted resort of the wits.

Theodore Hook celebrated it in a witty verse:

It seems in some cases kind Nature hath planned  
That names with their qualities agree;

For Twinings, the tea-man that lives in the Strand,  
Would be "Wining" deprived of his T.

The new company, which has a capital of £100,000, will still be managed by a member of the Twining family.

**POPULAR SAVOYARD'S RECITALS.**

Mr. Richard Temple, the popular Savoyard, who has been playing his original part of "Dick Dead-eye" in "H.M.S. Pinafore" at the Camden Theatre, will on Saturday afternoon next commence a series of dramatic recitals at the Steinway Hall.

**INJURED DUKE****Progressing Favourably After His Providential Escape.**

The latest accounts of the Duke of Connaught's motor accident illustrate still more forcibly the remarkable nature of his escape.

The seat he occupied was torn off the car, and he was violently dashed to the ground and dragged several yards until the motor ran into the wall. Parts of his clothes were in tatters, and the rag was cut to pieces. Curious spectators afterwards snatched up bits of cloth as mementoes.

Gosford, where the Earl of Wemyss was acting as host to the Duchess, is only fourteen miles from Edinburgh, and a spare car speedily carried news there and brought her Royal Highness to her husband's side.

Yesterday there was a constant stream of callers at the North British Station Hotel. A bulletin signed by Lord Provost Cranston is affixed to the door, bearing Professor Cheyne's announcement that his Royal Highness is making satisfactory progress.

The wounds in the scalp and ear are painful, and will require time to heal. It is feared there will be a permanent scar on the ear.

**FIGHT AT A FUNERAL.****Churchwarden Knocked Down During the Church Service by a Journalist.**

While reporting a funeral service in a church at Burton-on-Trent, a journalist named Spencer asked a companion for some details.

Horace Neale, a churchwarden, tapped him on the shoulder to remind him that silence was demanded of the congregation, whereupon Spencer turned on him, struck him between the eyes, and finally knocked him down.

The sequel came in the police court yesterday, when each party summoned the other for assault.

The journalist was fined £2 and costs, and the summons against the churchwarden dismissed.

**NOT A PATCH ON NEW YORK.****American Tars Think London Is Too Slow Altogether.**

The pancake-capped American bluejackets, who were a good deal in evidence around London some days ago, have formed some interesting opinions of the metropolis.

With characteristic candour, this is how the crew of the flagship Olympia, lying at Gravesend, summed up their impressions:—

"London is too slow altogether, not a patch on New York."

"We rode about in cabs, and sometimes the driver would want 2s. for four of us, and sometimes 4s. for two of us. It depended upon the mood he was in."

"The prices we paid for food were tall—3s. for breakfast, and we still hungry. None of the girls would talk to us—and, sure, the barmmaids were just right pretty."

"London has no dancing-places. We like to knock our feet about."

But the officers said: "London's a bully city. Your hotels, theatres, and buildings are right fine."

**WHERE KINGS ARE WEIGHED.****Royalties Sit in the Scales of a West End Wineshop.**

The King, it is stated, is about to revive the old fashion of being weighed at Berry's, the historic old wineshop in St. James's-street.

With the exception of the Duke of Fife, the late Duke of Clarence was the last member of the reigning Royal Family to be weighed at Berry's-in-1893.

But in years gone by scores of royal personages were weighed there. The fashion was set early in the seventeenth century, and in the records kept in the house are the signatures of five sons of George III., including William IV. Two French monarchs, Louis Philippe and Napoleon III., were also weighed at Berry's, and their signatures appear in the books.

The interior of the house is kept, as far as possible, exactly as it was in the seventeenth century, and the old-fashioned beam scales are those that were then in use.

**JAPS ORDER FROM SCOTLAND.**

Two large orders have been placed with two Galashiell cloth mills for material for clothing for the Japanese Army in the field.

This will keep the two firms well employed during the winter months. One of the orders is understood to be for 60,000 and the other for 40,000 yards of cloth.

Colonel Younghusband has arrived at Simla, and will be the guest of Lord Amherst.

**SALVATION COUNTESS****Lady of Title Joins the "Army."****MARCHED THE STREETS.**

The Salvation Army, refuge of the poor and destitute, has just received a lady of high degree as a recruit.

The Countess of Seafield, interviewed yesterday, said:—

"I have just joined the Salvation Army Auxiliary League. Technically, perhaps, I am not a member of the army, but I am the next best thing."

"The Auxiliary League was formed for the convenience of persons like myself, who are anxious to do what they can for the army but cannot actually join it."

"It is largely composed of people who are sufficiently in sympathy with the army's great work of reclaiming drunkards, rescuing the fallen, and helping the sinful to give it their prayers, influence, and money."

**Aristocratic Tramp.**

"Personally, I am heart and soul with the army and its objects. It is run on very liberal lines, and there is no red-tape about it. Its watchword is 'The Good of Humanity at large.'

"I know a society man who has disguised himself as a tramp and been to many societies and into a casual ward to test the various means of helping the poor, and he says that he is convinced that the best help is given by the Salvation Army."

"Perhaps you will realise my opinions of the army better when I tell you that I was once a regular member of it. That was when I was in New Zealand several years ago."

"I was not an officer; just a simple, ordinary private, and subject to exactly the same discipline as the rest."

**Wearing "Army" Uniform.**

"I used to parade the streets in the ordinary uniform to the music of the army band, sing hymns, speak both in the street and in halls, and generally do the everyday work of a private. And I felt it was a grand life."

"With the army I have only one fault to find. They give us—the auxiliaries—too small a badge. At present it is composed of an S monogrammed with crossed swords. I should like to see the sword removed and the S made at least double the size. We are not ashamed of our allegiance, and I, for one, should be glad to be more clearly marked."

**HOW TRICKS ARE DONE.****Handcuff King Lets an Audience Into His Secrets.**

A critical audience gathered at the Standard Music-hall to see and inwardly digest an exposure by Frank Hilbert, the "Handcuff King" and "trunk manipulator," of how he does his tricks.

First the mystery worked in secret, and then he came into full view of the audience.

He inserted a hand inside his trousers, close to his ankle, and produced a key with which he unlocked one handcuff.

Another key, produced mysteriously from somewhere in the region of his back, unlocked the other.

The trunk exposure followed. Handcuffed and tied in the sack he was again placed in the trunk. His assistant stood by. At the call of "ready," the front half of the lid fell inwards.

Hilbert climbed out, his assistant climbed in, handcuffed herself, crawled into the sack, and the thing was done.

To a *Mirror* representative the performer said that however you rope the outside of the trunk you cannot prevent the lid opening inwards. I have the means of opening the locks and that is the whole secret.

**MR. HOLLINGSHEAD'S FUNERAL.**

Mr. John Hollingshead, journalist, author, and founder of the Gaiety Theatre, was buried yesterday afternoon at Brompton Cemetery.

There were a number of well-known theatrical folk at the funeral, among them being Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and scores of others sent flowers.

Among others sending wreaths were Sir Henry Irving, Sir Francis Burnand, Mr. George Edwards, and Mrs. D'Oyley Carte.

**MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S NEXT MEETING.**

Referring to the address which Mr. Chamberlain will give to a meeting in East London, the secretary of the Tariff Reform League says that it will be delivered in December, but the exact date and place have not yet been fixed.

Increases in salaries and superannuations of officials by the water companies after the introduction of the Water Bill are to be taken by the Water Board before the Court of Arbitration.

**HIS LAST SLEEP.**

**Officer Killed by an Overdose of Laudanum.**

**WIFE'S TRAGIC FATE.**

Seven months after losing his wife in a terribly tragic manner, Lieutenant Dare Heber Percy Reade, of the Border Regiment, has also died under very distressing circumstances.

His death at his rooms in Pall Mall-place was shown at the inquest at Westminster, yesterday, to have been due to an overdose of laudanum. He had been in the habit of taking sedatives, and on Tuesday night accidentally took too large a dose.

The story of the tragic fate of the lieutenant's wife—a blow from which he never recovered—was told by the young officer's father, Sir B. B. Reade, a retired surgeon-major-general, who said his son was home on sick leave from Burma, where his battalion was stationed.

About seven months ago, Sir John Reade stated, a number of officers and ladies were dining at the regimental mess in Burma. It was a very hot night, and they subsequently went for a sail on the lake.

"My son's wife," the witness continued, "went in the first boat with the major and I, think, two other officers, and he went in the second boat with the major's wife and several other officers. A sudden squall coming on, the first boat was swamped, and went down, and before his very eyes he saw his wife drown."

Lieutenant Reade became so very ill from the effects of the shock that the doctors insisted on his returning to England. He suffered from insomnia and neuralgia, his father added, and used to take sedatives occasionally, but was not an habitual drug-taker.

The Coroner: Did he ever say anything that would lead you to think that he contemplated taking his life?

Sir John Reade: Never—the last man in the world.

Major Theodore Charles Hogg, of the 8th Bengal Lancers, said he knew that Lieutenant Reade suffered very much from insomnia.

According to Dr. Freyberger, who made a post-mortem examination, all the appearances pointed to death from narcotic poisoning, and the jury found that Lieutenant Reade accidentally took an overdose of laudanum.

**ECONOMICAL PARENT.**

**Family of Truant Children Brought Up by the State.**

A gunsmith's wife appeared before Mr. Rose at West London Police Court yesterday to answer a summons respecting the non-attendance of her boy at school. She said the boy was a truant.

The school officer said that was true, but he added that the man, who earned good wages as a skilled workman, had had three other children brought up in truant schools, for whom he paid 2s. 6d. a week each.

The magistrate made an order for this boy to be sent to a truant school, remarking: "Here is a case of a skilled artisan earning good wages, and he has all his children brought up by the State at a cost of 2s. 6d. a week each, when each child costs the State 7s. 6d. a week."

"Of course," he concluded, "it is a cheap way of bringing up children. I suppose the authorities will appreciate it some day."

**BOY'S INGENIOUS PLEA.**

Two respectable-looking boys, named Simmons and Beakes, both living in Paddington, were charged at Marylebone Police Court yesterday with gambling.

Simmons, speaking on behalf of himself and his companion, said: We were going somewhere, and my friend wanted me to go one way, and I wanted him to go another way; so to decide which way we should go, I took out a halfpenny, and we tossed for it. The winner was, of course, to have the choice.

Simmons had offended before, and was bound over, the other lad being discharged.

**10/6 IMMENSE REDUCTION - ADVERTISE our WATCHES V. Samuel & Co.'s CELEBRATED GUINEA Silver Keyless WATCHES,**

REDUCED TO **10/6** FOR 5 YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE.  
SPLENDID TIMEKEEPERS.  
**26, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.**

A few doors from the Mansion House.—None sent by post. Customers must call for them.

**10/6**

**IMPERSONATING AN ACTOR.**

**Tram-Conductor Poses as Mr. Alexander.**

It is not recorded that Mr. George Alexander has ever played the rôle of tram-conductor, but a tram-conductor has been found—greatly daring—to play "George Alexander."

This was the explanation the police gave at Westminster yesterday for placing James Moss in the dock. Moss, it was said, had attempted, by impersonating the famous actor-manager, to obtain goods at Harrod's Stores.

An assistant at Harrod's said on Thursday afternoon Moss selected an ivory-handled shaving brush, asking that it should be charged to his account, and giving his name as "George Alexander," of Pont-street. The account was presented to Moss, and he signed it "George Alexander."

He was allowed to walk away with the brush, but was afterwards stopped and interrogated as to the spelling of the name. Moss said, "Quite right, I always sign in that way."

Then the chief detective at Harrod's requested him to proceed to Mr. Alexander's house in Pont-street for inquiries. At this Moss said that he was Mr. Alexander's butler.

On the way to the house he broke away, and was caught after a chase.

Mr. C. T. H. Helmsley, manager to Mr. George Alexander, said prisoner was not known to that gentleman, and had never been in his service.

Mr. Sheil remanded Moss in custody.

**WIDOW'S ANGUISH.**

**Painful Scene at the Coroner's Inquiry Into the Saltley Gas Explosion.**

A painful incident occurred at the inquest opened yesterday at Birmingham into the deaths of the three workmen killed by the recent disastrous gas explosion at the Saltley gasworks.

Louisa Gibbons, the widow of one of the victims, stepped into the witness-box, her eyes bloodshot with sobbing, stood for a moment listening to the coroner, and then fell back with a long-drawn pained cry. She was carried out of the court in a dead faint.

The brother of another of the victims said that when he visited him at the hospital the injured man could only say, "I have touched out this time, Harry. I have got it all down my body. I saw the mass of flame." He died the same night.

The inquest was adjourned for the appearance of the injured men still in hospital.

**"BEAUTY DOCTOR'S" PROMISE.**

**Lady's-maid Spends £20 on an Elusive "Complexion Cure."**

The disappointed client of a West End "Beauty Doctor" unfolded her tale of woe yesterday to Mr. Rose, the West London magistrate.

She is a lady's-maid, and wished to know whether she could recover a sum of £20 which she had paid. The applicant stated that she had an eruption on her face, and fearing that she would lose her situation, consulted the "Beauty Doctor," who promised to give her "a clean, wholesome face" in ten days for £20.

The client drew this sum out of the savings bank, but the "cure" which she underwent made her face worse, and the "stuff" which the "Beauty Doctor" put on her cheeks and chin burnt the skin badly.

Mr. Rose: You see, you went to a quack.

The Lady's-maid: She advertises that she can transform a woman of seventy years into one of thirty years.

Mr. Rose: I am afraid you can't recover the money.

**HIDING THEIR SINS.**

"When people drink too much and get the 'shakes' they call it age in order to hide their sins," remarked Coroner Westcott yesterday at an inquest on a Gray's Inn-road labourer, who had died from exposure and alcoholism.

The widow said her husband belonged to all sorts of clubs, and was a heavy drinker. She could not stand his hours, so left him. He suffered from ague.

**"AGREED TO DIE TOGETHER."**

On a charge of poisoning Isabella MacKenzie, a ship's stewardess, at a Liverpool temperance hotel, Allan Muir, a steward, was yesterday committed for trial.

Muir was found lying beside the woman in a half-dead condition. His reply to the charge was, "We both agreed to die together, and she purchased the poison."

**IN A VILLAIN'S CLUTCH.**

**Country Girl's Terrible Fate in London.**

A case which illustrated most painfully the terrible pitfalls awaiting the inexperienced country girl in London was heard by the West London magistrate yesterday.

Three weeks ago Jane Edwards, a servant girl, came from Swansea with the object of obtaining a situation. Not many hours after her arrival she fell into the clutches of Arthur Taylor, a man of such disreputable character that the magistrate yesterday said it was difficult to express himself in common words about him.

Taylor, who is thirty-three years of age, is a man of under-sized stature, and has peculiarly repulsive features, but he spoke to the girl so plausibly, and made himself so agreeable, that she succumbed to his proposals. Believing his assertion that he would work for her and support her, she went to live with him. But the very next day he treated her with the utmost brutality, and forced her to lead a life of shame in order that he might subsist on her earnings. After that the assaults upon her by Taylor were of almost daily occurrence, and eventually the girl, in desperation, gave him into custody.

The magistrate said it was the worst case of the kind he had ever known. He would sentence Taylor to the maximum punishment—too inadequate of three months' hard labour.

The court missionary took charge of the girl Edwards and made arrangements for her admittance to a home.

**TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.**

**Reformed Character Pleads Successfully with a Doubting Magistrate.**

"I have turned over a new leaf since I did this, and I thank God for it," declared a prisoner to Mr. Paul Taylor, before whom he was charged at Southwark yesterday with absconding from Bermondsey Workhouse with a suit of clothing, the property of the guardians.

The Magistrate: What is the new leaf you have turned over?

The Prisoner: I go in sight of the Lord to keep honest.

The Magistrate: What do you mean by going in the sight of the Lord?

The Prisoner: To be honest and worthy.

The Magistrate: There is always a difficulty in dealing with men like you. You may be a reformed character or an impostor.

The Prisoner: I am no impostor.

In the end the magistrate discharged the prisoner with the remark that he would recollect him if he came before him again.

**SLENDER MURDER CLUES.**

**Finger-marks Photographed to Solve the Stepney Mystery.**

No one is now in custody in connection with the murder of Miss Farmer in her newspaper shop in Commercial-road, Stepney.

Five of the men detained on suspicion were released yesterday morning. The fifth man is still detained, but on a totally different charge.

Unfortunately the police have very slender clues on which to work.

The pieces of a calico pillow-case are likely to prove of little value, as the detectives are unable to say whether the pillow-case belonged to Miss Farmer or was brought in by the murderer.

Inspector Collins, the Scotland Yard expert, yesterday made a microscopic examination of the furniture and other articles, and it is understood that he has photographed a number of very clear finger-prints.

The police are looking for a tall man with a redish moustache, who had been noticed loitering around the shop for the past month.

**HAIRDRESSER'S VAIN APPEAL.**

The hairdresser, Louis Rees, who, for assaulting an actress during a dispute over a "tail" of hair, was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour, appealed against the decision at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday.

After deliberating in private the Bench affirmed the conviction with costs, but directed Rees to be detained in the second division instead of hard labour.

**SCENE IN A TRAIN.**

While travelling in a corridor train, David Sharp, a young Hanley potter, started smashing windows and fighting with passengers, and so frightened an old lady that she pulled the communication cord and stopped the train at Preston.

Sharp's violence was due to his being mad with drink, and he was yesterday fined 20s. and costs by the magistrate.

**BEWITCHED CHILDREN**

**A Mother's Extraordinary Belief in Witchcraft.**

**TERRIFIED BY SHADOWS.**

Recently, at Scarborough, during the inquest on a child, the mother declared that her baby had been bewitched.

Further evidence of the woman's extraordinary belief in witchcraft was given at the police court yesterday, when in company with her husband, Francis Cooper, she was charged with neglecting her five remaining children.

A doctor stated that the mother told him that her children were bewitched, and persisted in her assertion that the child which had died had been bewitched by a former neighbour, who had a spite against it.

Magistrate's Clerk: You would not say she is insane?

The Doctor: I should want to watch her first. She told me that when alone in the house she distinctly saw shadows come from behind the door and walk about the room, and that she heard talking when she was alone, and also buzzing noises which almost drove her mad.

"She is insane on this question of witchcraft," the doctor added, "but she is all right on other matters."

The case was adjourned for a fortnight to give the husband an opportunity of having his wife examined and the children made comfortable.

**CHASE OVER GARDEN WALLS.**

**Policeman's Exciting Hunt After a Suspected Man.**

Reaching his home in Cleveland-mansions, Elgin-avenue, Maida Vale, shortly after midnight, Mr. Joseph Higgins found his wife in a state of much agitation, sitting at the window anxiously awaiting his return.

She stated she believed there were burglars in the place. Earlier in the evening a man, whom she had seen loitering about the neighbourhood on several occasions, had peered suspiciously into their window.

A constable was called, and he, having posted Mr. and Mrs. Higgins at points of vantage, commenced a search. Presently he heard a noise of hastening footsteps within a few yards of him, and, turning on his bullseye, he saw a man run at full speed up to a high wall and scale it.

He did not follow, but made off in another direction, in the hope of intercepting him. Only, however, to find that the man had again evaded him by climbing another wall, seven feet high, and dropping a distance of twelve feet into a garden. This time the constable went in hot pursuit, and, after chasing him over a dozen garden walls, he came up with him.

His prisoner, a man named John Mallet, alias George Field, was remanded by the Marylebone magistrate yesterday as a suspected person.

**SEASIDE BURGLARIES.**

At Weston-super-Mare yesterday an insurance agent, named Arthur Wake, and an officer's valet, named Ernest Wheeler, were charged with committing a series of burglaries in different parts of the town. Accused, who are respectively connected, were committed for trial. They reserved their defence.

**MOTORIST'S MISADVENTURE.**

Because he is the possessor of a florid complexion and has an impediment in his speech, Henry Charles Rose was arrested for being drunk while in charge of a motor-car, and sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour.

Yesterday, at Clerkenwell, Rose appealed against the sentence, and the conviction was quashed.

**CHILDREN TEETHING**  
TO MOTHERS.  
**MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup**

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING  
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and in the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
Sold by all Chemists at 1/2 per bottle.

## NEWS ITEMS AND PARAGRAPHS.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman will be present at the Colchester Oyster Feast on Thursday next.

Lord Derby and Mr. R. D. Holt yesterday had conferred on them the freedom of the City of Liverpool.

"England's Beer God" will be the topic of the Rev. W. Carlile's discourse to-morrow evening at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument.

The United States Ambassador, accompanied by Mrs. Choate and Miss Choate, will return to Carlton-gardens on Monday next from Hertfordshire, Herts.

## QUAD CYCLE FOR FIREMEN.

For quickly getting to the scene of a fire the Newbury Volunteer Brigade have been provided with a quad cycle.

This enables four men to transport to the scene of a fire the necessary appliances for dealing with an outbreak before the arrival of the engine.

## ROASTING OXEN.

At the fairs in the Midlands the old custom of roasting oxen whole is still kept up.

At Stratford-on-Avon "mop" or statte fair eight oxen and ten pigs have been roasted in the streets.

At Warwick also a large number of persons have gathered in the market-place to see an ox roasted.

## TYNE A HUGE SEWER.

At a meeting of the Tyne Conservancy it was stated that during the past six weeks from 2,500 to 3,000 fish had become sick and died.

There has been no flood on the river for a long time, and the Tyne is at present a huge sewer.

It was decided to appoint a committee to see what steps were necessary to prevent the Tyne sinking to the condition of the Thames.

## ABOLISHING ELECTIONS.

For the next three years Mossley is to be spared the trouble and inconvenience of municipal elections.

At present the Conservatives have a small majority, and an agreement has been arrived at to last for three years, during which time all vacancies will be filled up by the party now holding the seat.

## CORPORATION CASTLE.

Newport Castle, one of the most historic buildings in the south of Wales, is rapidly falling into decay, and unless speedily restored will become a ruin.

The corporation of Newport are being urged to purchase the property for an Art Gallery, and the mayor and many prominent men have given their adherence to the scheme.

## FREE MEALS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

At a meeting at the Exchange Hall, Stockton, supporting the election of Labour members in Parliament, the Countess of Warwick made an urgent appeal for free meals for school children. In all State-supported schools, she said, it was just as important to build up the physical constitution of the child as to care for its mental culture.

## MUNICIPAL GAS.

In a speech at a dinner of the Gas Committee of the Manchester City Council, Alderman Gibson gave useful information of the profits of municipal gas.

During ten years the department has made a profit of £1,433,567, of which £511,000 has been devoted to the relief of the rates. In addition, the cost per 1,000 feet of gas sold has been reduced from 10d. to 8d.

## NAKED IN THE STREETS.

Imprisonment for six months, with hard labour, seems quite a mild form of punishment for Robert Willacy, who is described as the biggest brute in Clitheroe.

He had not only pulled his wife to the floor by the hair, struck her on the forehead with a pot, kicked her, and thrown a lighted lamp at her, but had turned her out of the house into the streets naked in the middle of the night.

## DEARER FOOD.

The secretary of the Leeds Grocers' Association points out how seriously food prices have gone up in the last twelve months. Tea is 2d. a lb. dearer, the amount of the extra duty; sugar, owing to the Sugar Convention, has gone up 3d., a lb.; flour is about 2d. a stone dearer, in spite of the removal of the duty.

Tinned meats are also dearer, but bacon and cheese are a little cheaper. The extent, however, is so trifling that it need not be taken into account.

## SCHOOLBOYS' WEEKLY SCRUB.

At their Gem-street Baths the Birmingham Corporation have tried the experiment of making compulsory baths part of the school curriculum.

This has proved a huge success, being highly appreciated by the lads who are every week turned loose in the bath for a scrubbing.

So much so that another large school is to be provided with bath accommodation, and it is intended to extend the system to every school in Birmingham.

The Attorney-General, Sir R. Finlay, is paying a short visit to Mr. A. J. Ballou, at Whittingham, Prestonkirk, N.B.

Found in a hedge at Kingston Vale, a bundle of silver articles has been identified as the proceeds of a Godalming burglary.

Mr. Mark Mayhew is to be asked to contest the Wandsworth Division in the Liberal interest at the next election against Sir Henry Kimber, M.P.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Joseph King will be the guests of the National Liberal Club on Tuesday, November 1, when Earl Carrington will take the chair.

Since the opening of the Hackney Borough Labour Bureau a fortnight since 992 married men have registered their names for employment. Fifty per cent. are skilled workmen.

## CURING SEASICKNESS.

It is proposed to found a British branch of the Anti-Spasmodic League, started in France.

Members will charter a ship from Hamburg and sail for Lisbon to attend the medical congress to be held there in April, 1905.

During the voyage each member will make experiments with the remedies, prophylactic and curative, which the league recommends. These include ice bags, hot-water bottles, mustard plasters, tight belts, lying flat on the back, shutting the eyes, fixing the eyes on the masthead, keeping on deck, stopping in a berth, drinking water, or stout, or champagne, or brandy and soda, and numerous drugs, from cocaine, chloro-dye, chloroform, bromides, camphor, and opium to nitro-glycerine and nitrate of amyl.

## POTHOUSE PROTESTANTISM.

Speaking at the twenty-sixth annual conference of the Evangelical Pentecostal Union at Manchester, the Rev. C. Fenwick Ward deplored a rudeness displayed among Protestant young people which It injured young people would score.

He desired to dissociate himself from sympathy or complicity with those Protestants of Liverpool who recently disturbed a Church of England missionary meeting.

They were in danger of suffering from an attack of pothouse Protestantism and Protestant holiness. They had come to an age of religious rowdiness which would do infinite harm, and he pleaded for a more conspicuous display of Christian courtesy.

## KING'S VISIT TO WOOLWICH.

The Artillery garrison of Woolwich, to be inspected by the King on Wednesday next, at present consists of four batteries and the riding establishment of Royal Horse Artillery, nine batteries of Royal Field Artillery, a company of Railway Engineers; the 1st Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment, nine companies of the Army Service Corps, and the headquarters and depot of the Army Ordnance Corps.

At Chatham, to be visited, it is understood, by the King next Friday, there is a large force of Royal Engineers, the 2nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and 4th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade.

## FUNERAL OF MR. BEYWOOD JOHNSTONE.

The funeral of the late Mr. Heywood Johnstone, member for the Horsham Division, took place yesterday at Bognor.

The mourners included Mr. Guly, the Speaker, the Lord Chief Justice, Judge Lawrence Smith, Captain Lionel Wells, Mr. Cope Grant, M.P., Lord Zouche, Lord Waterford, Lord Lonsdale, and Lord Turner, Sir Walter Barttelot, and Mr. Cecil Hurst.

The coffin was borne by tenants on the Bognor estate, who wore smock frocks.

## HANGED HIMSELF FOR FUN.

Such an obedient husband was Frederick A. Robinson, of Lewis-street, Nottingham, that when his wife, in the course of a domestic tiff, told him to go and hang himself he promptly did so from the drawing-room door.

He was rescued, and when before the magistrates said it was only a bit of fun, but as this plea was not considered convincing he was remanded.

## SELL YOUR SNAPSHOTS

TO THE

## "DAILY MIRROR."

Professional photographers and amateurs who do good work are invited to send photographs of news events to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C. If accepted and published they will be liberally paid for.

The subjects selected must have some bearing upon the news of the day. They should be taken and dispatched to this office at the earliest moment and by the quickest available method. Pictures of news events which are some days old are of no use.

Photograph railway accidents, landslides, shipwrecks or anything of immediate human interest, and send it to the "Daily Mirror."

Camberwell workhouses are so overcrowded that the inmates in several of the wards have to sleep on the floor.

Lord Spencer's condition still continues to improve, and he was able to take a short drive yesterday morning.

Riding on a bicycle at Newington Butts yesterday a young man collided with an omnibus, and the wheel passing over his head caused instant death.

The Lord Mayor will attend in state the Scottish Festival service which is to be held in St. Columba's Church, Pont-street, on the afternoon of Sunday, October 23, at three o'clock.

## CAUGHT IN THE WHEEL.

The dangerous practice of riding behind cabs has resulted in the death of George Lee, aged eight, the son of a stonemason at Horsey.

The boy fell, was caught in the wheel, and dragged for a hundred and fifty yards before the cab could be stopped.

## STONING A HARE.

Two hooded cyclists who joined in a chase by the Marquess (Wales) Beagles were without a glimmer of the sporting instinct.

Seeing the hare on the Almonby Road, near Blue Dial, they headed her off from the field, and finally drove her into the sea, when they threw stones and killed her.

## REPUDIATED ROMNEY FOUND.

What is believed to be a genuine Romney has been found in a cottage at Bristol.

It was purchased a few years ago for a few shillings, and has now been pronounced by an expert a work of the old master.

It is to be sold at Christie's in the autumn, and is expected to realise at least £1,500.

## JERSEY CAPITULATES.

Jersey has been brought to reason by the withdrawal of its garrison, and yesterday tardily passed the Militia Maintenance Bill.

The fund is to be obtained by a tax on townsmen. It remains to be seen whether the War Office will reverse its decision, and restore to Jersey its half battalion of infantry.

## "WEE KIRK'S" DECISION.

Yesterday the conference between the "Wee Kirk" and the "United Kirk" representatives in Edinburgh broke up without arriving at any decision, and no further meetings are contemplated.

It was announced to the Press representatives that the members personally parted on friendly terms, but the vicars under the House of Lords' decision decline to abate their claim to the spoils.

## DOVER VETERAN DEAD.

There has just died at Dover a veteran soldier, Master-Gunner James McCarry, formerly of the Royal Artillery, and Yeoman of the Royal Body Guard, who served throughout the Crimean campaign and the China war of 1860.

He took part in the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, and the capture of the Taku Forts and Pekin.

## YOUTHFUL PROMISE UNFULFILLED.

When a boy has saved £150 at the age of fifteen it might be expected that he will in time join the ranks of the millionaires.

Marcus Brown, of whom this could be said, has, however, after twenty-five years' trading in Birmingham as a boot and shoe dealer, found himself in the Bankruptcy Court. He attributes his losses to bad trade and heavy expenses.

## CARTER'S LONG HOURS.

At an inquest at Bacup on John Riley, a Haddington carter, who was found dead under his wagon, it was stated he had been at work for eighteen hours.

The coroner said one sometimes heard of slave-driving, but nothing was more disgraceful than the hours carters had to work, and he did not wonder at their tumbling off their wagons. A verdict of Accidental Death was recorded.

## LORD RUSSELL MEMORIAL.

It is understood that the memorial to the late Lord Russell of Killowen, in the form of a seated statue of the late Lord Chief Justice, which has been executed by Mr. Brock, R.A., will very shortly be placed in position in the central hall of the Royal Courts of Justice.

The statue, which will be erected on a handsome pedestal, will be placed on the right-hand side of the further end of the hall.

## STOCK EXCHANGE POLICEMAN.

P.C. 830 Harry Ayres, who for the last seven and a half years has been stationed at the main entrance to the Stock Exchange, and has just retired, after serving for twenty-five years in the City of London Police Force, was last night, at Coal-lane Police Station, presented by Chief Inspector Foster with a marble timepiece, suitably inscribed, and a handsome gold brooch for his wife, subscribed for by his comrades of the Fourth Division.

## BONUSES BAD BUSINESS.

Real Reason for the Sudden Slump of the A.B.C. Shares.

The sensational fall in A.B.C. shares from 8½ per share to 6½ was the absorbing topic of conversation in the City yesterday.

It was generally recognised, however, that the slump was not due to any falling-off in trade of the company, but to a seeming depreciation of the shares by the abandonment of the system of giving shares at par as bonuses.

Bonuses as bait for bun-shop shareholders is recognised as such bad finance that no surprise was expressed at the decision of the directors of the A.B.C. to abandon the system.

Shareholders in A.B.C.s naturally do not appreciate the change very much, for on three occasions the bonuses practically doubled the dividend, and of late years they amounted to about 3s. 2d. per share.

The chagrin of the shareholders is, however, greatly tempered by the prospect, mainly as the result of the abolition of bonuses, of an increased dividend in the future.

The bonus system in vogue with J. Lyons and Co. will, probably, very shortly vanish also. At the last general meeting of shareholders Mr. Joseph Lyons suggested that it should be abandoned.

"What do we want with bonuses?" said Mr. Lyons to a *Mirror* representative yesterday, as he referred with justified pride to his many successful enterprises, of which the latest is that phenomenal success, the Popular Café.

"Of course, the effect up to now is infinitesimal," said Mr. Lyons, "for we have only had the bonus for three years. We have great hope of persuading the shareholders to allow us to drop this; I think they will find the dividends in the near future sufficient to satisfy them."

## "WISER AND HAPPIER."

Archbishop Returns from America with Pleasant Memories.

The Archbishop of Canterbury left New York for England on the Cedric yesterday.

The experience he has had in America has been most varied and not altogether pleasant, since he was unlucky enough to be in a railway accident, but he declares that, on the whole, it has been most enjoyable.

In making this tour the Archbishop showed a somewhat striking indifference to tradition, for never before in the long history of the English Church has a Primate made such a journey. But its effect has been most satisfactory.

Speaking at the great dinner given in his honour at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel the night before he left, the Archbishop said: "I go back to my home a wiser, and certainly a happier, man."

Bishop Potter, who acted as toastmaster, in introducing Dr. Davidson, expressed the opinion that his Grace had been "jarred" on more than one occasion since arriving in America, and specified the railway accident which occurred when the Archbishop was travelling with Mr. Pierpoint Morgan. He could safely say that Dr. Davidson had won a place in the hearts, the affections, and the esteem of Americans from which nothing could dislodge him.

The dinner was given in the ball-room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The room was draped with British and American flags, while oak leaves were scattered over the tables.

Among the 138 persons present were Governor Odell, the Bishop of Ripon, Mr. J. Pierpoint Morgan, Mr. Perry Belmont, and Major-General Frederick D. Grant. Mrs. Davidson and the other ladies arrived during dinner, and occupied seats in the boxes.

## DUMB ORATORY.

Deaf-mute Who Stirs Large Meetings by Vivid Drawings.

"I dare say I am the only lightning sketch artist in religious work."

The speaker was Envoy Malcolm Weber, who spoke through an interpreter, in deaf-and-dumb sketches.

For instance, Mr. Weber illustrates the perils and temptations of pay day with four sketches of a hat.

The morning sees it smooth and well brushed, the afternoon gives it a neglected appearance, in the evening it is battered and bedraggled, and night finds it a shapeless ruin.

"That," explains Mr. Weber, with rapid movements of his fingers, "is only a hat, but it stands for many a poor fellow's soul and character."

He also addresses his audiences at times, speaking through an interpreter.

It is a fact, however, that where spoken addresses fail, this dumb preacher, with his vivid pictures creates the deepest and most lasting impression.

## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
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**Daily Mirror**

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1904.

**THE FIGHT THAT FAILED.**

THE crumpling up of General Kuropatkin's attack on the Japanese armies around Liao-yang is the worst slap in the face Russia has had yet.

On the sea they knew they were inferior in strength. "Wait till we get at them on land," they said. Well, they got at them on land, and were beaten time and time again. "Never mind," they argued. "We were taken at a disadvantage; wait till we are ready to begin."

At last the moment came when they announced that they were ready. They chose their opportunity. They chose their ground. "Now is the time," cried General Kuropatkin. "Advance, and drive the enemy into the sea." They started full of hope, full of courage. They were convinced that they were going to win. They flung themselves against the Japanese positions. Flung back, they attacked again—and again—and yet again.

Their persistency availed them nothing. All along the line of twenty miles fighting they have lost the day. And now the regiments that set out so confidently are crawling miserably back towards Mukden. Half their numbers are lying stiff and cold under the stars. Most of their guns are Japanese property. They have made their supreme effort, and it has utterly failed.

Not to sympathise with the beaten force, with General Kuropatkin, with the Russian nation, with the Tsar, would be inhuman. We are naturally glad that our allies have triumphed. But we can at the same time—and assuredly most Britons do—feel deeply for the sorrow and the anguish and the bitter disappointment which the triumph entails upon the beaten side.

**LIGHT, MORE LIGHT.**

Some wit said once about a specially dangerous street-crossing that accidents would always happen until a bishop was killed there. Now that a Royal Duke, who is also one of our most valuable generals, has been injured through a cart going about after dark without proper lights isn't it time to make and enforce regulations which will prevent mishaps from this cause ever occurring again?

Most of us must have encountered this danger at some time or other. It is quite a common thing to meet in the country wagons unprovided with any warning gleam. We should be justly indignant if a swift motor-car were not to show a light. What the authorities do not realise is that a slowly-moving vehicle is really more dangerous than a fast one.

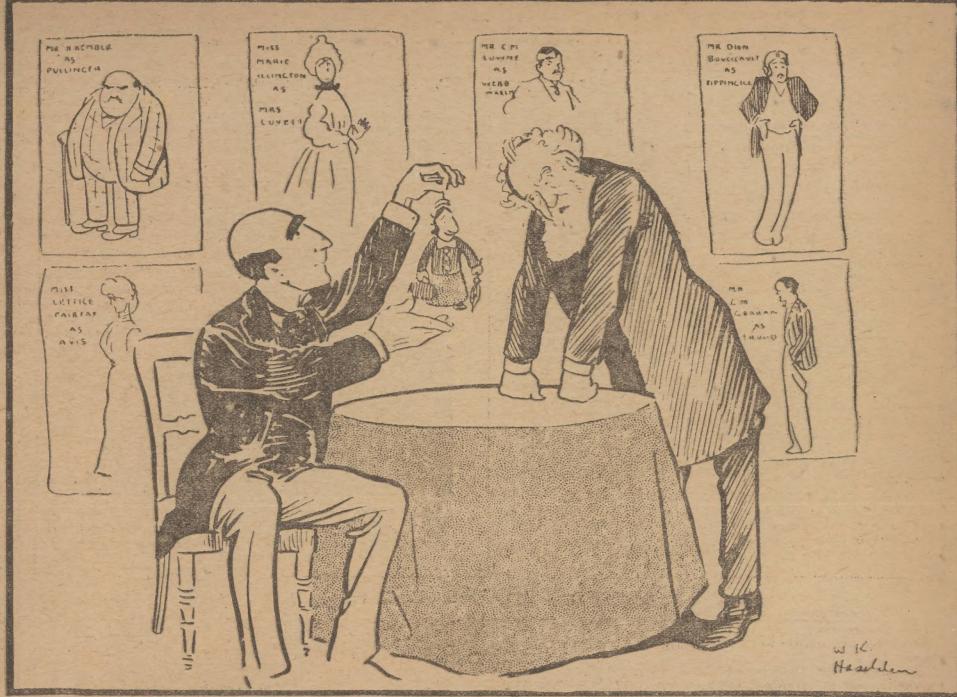
The fast one makes a noise, to begin with. You cannot help hearing either the clip-clop of horses' hoofs or the teuf-teuf-teuf of a motor-car's engine. Even electric broughams produce a hissing sound that is quite enough to give warning of their approach.

Furthermore, a fast one can turn aside quickly. It can avoid a collision even when another vehicle is close upon it. A wagon at a walk neither makes any noise nor can it move suddenly out of the way.

If the Duke of Connaught's accident leads, as it certainly should do, to a stricter look-out being kept on unlighted carts we feel sure his Royal Highness will look upon his scalp wound as a blessing in disguise.

**A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.**

To read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray; these are the things to make man happy.—Ruskin.

**"A MOST DECOROUS DOLL, I ASSURE YOU."**

MR. STEAD: I call it disgraceful.  
MR. PINERO: Ah, that's your nasty mind.  
(See interviews on page 4.)

**THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.**

THE Countess of Seafield, who has just joined the Salvation Army, is a New Zealander by birth. Her husband, too, has lived practically all his life in the Colony. The story of how the earldom came to him, sixteen years ago, is decidedly romantic. The late Earl, as head of a collateral branch, succeeded to the title somewhat unexpectedly while working as a bailiff in Otago, and doing odd jobs in the way of hedging and ditching when he was fortunate enough to get them. On succeeding to the title he continued his agricultural work.

At the time the present Earl succeeded to the title he was only twelve—he is but twenty-eight now—and has been seen very little in this country. Lady Seafield, before her marriage, was a Miss Nina Townend, the daughter of a doctor in Auckland.

Really, when once a novelist has "caught on" there seems to be no limit to the public demand for his work. Mr. Hall Caine has "caught on" to such an extent that he is no longer an English—or even a Manx—author, but an international one. "The Prodigal Son," which is to be published on November 1, is to be issued simul-

taneously in eight different languages, while translations in six further languages will follow soon after. Such is success!

\* \* \*

But the persistence with which the autograph fiend hunts him is alone sufficient to mark his proud position. As he has made it a rule never to—autographs he has occasionally—"Let very sharp not to fall into traps. He was caught in America, however, and the news of his capture was published broadcast. It happened like this. One afternoon, as he returned to his hotel a registered envelope, marked "Immediate," was handed to him by the clerk.

\* \* \*

After signing the official receipt he was told he must sign another to be sent to the sender of the letter, so that he might know it had been delivered safely. It was not until he had signed this second paper that he got his letter. What was his surprise on opening it to find that it merely contained a letter of thanks for the autograph he had just given. Next morning his newspaper contained a long article in which the story of the captured autograph was told under the heading, "How He Was Sold!"

\* \* \*

One would be afraid to tell the story of how Mr. Hall Caine wrote his first novel if he had not confirmed it himself. He calmly asked the editor on whose paper he was working at the time to cut down his salary by half as he wanted to have time to write book. The editor, after assuring himself that he (the editor) at least was sane, granted the request, and Mr. Caine wrote his novel—and many others.

\* \* \*

Considering what an experience of Parliament he has had, it does not seem strange that Mr. Michael Davitt should refuse to contest another seat. When he compares parliamentary life to penal servitude, he knows what he is talking about, for he has tried both. It was in 1881, while in Portland as a political prisoner, that he was first elected to Parliament, but he was disqualified by a vote of the House.

\* \* \*

At the general election of 1892 he was elected for North Meath, but was unseated on a petition for alleged clerical intimidation. He was subsequently returned unopposed for Cork, but had to retire almost immediately in consequence of proceedings in bankruptcy. Two years later he was returned for East Kerry, but retired again in 1899.

**A REALLY USEFUL HINT.**

A book has just appeared called "Hints to Reciters."

The only hint which we should ever offer to a reciter is: "Don't."

Mr. Robert Hichens, whose novel, "The Garden of Allah," has created such a sensation, is still a comparatively young man, having been born as recently as 1864. His first novel, "The Coastguard's Secret," was written when he was seventeen, but he delayed long in publishing it because he was uncertain whether it would be successful. His fine real hit was made with "The Green Carnation" ten years ago. In his early days it was a toss-up whether he should be a musician or a writer. Indeed, after leaving Clifton College, music seemed like winning, and he studied at Bristol and later in London.

\* \* \*

It was during this time that "The Coastguard's Secret" was written, and though he had become a fine organist, he decided on literature, and went to the London School of Journalism. After the school he worked for various London papers,

\* \* \*

Physically, Mr. Hichens is a remarkably well-set-up man of five feet, with a hollow back and a chest like a "gym" instructor. A pair of brown eyes sparkle from among a veritable nest of wrinkles, but the wrinkles are those of laughter, not of worry or age. A "pushful" looking chin, a slightly aquiline nose, a well-cut mouth, and dark-brown hair complete the picture.

**A MAN OF THE HOUR.**

Mr. Redford, the Censor of Plays.

"Who is Mr. Redford?" was the question asked on all sides when his appointment was announced.

"Where is Mr. Redford?" has been the cry on many occasions since.

If he made up his mind at the outset to bring ridicule and disrepute upon the Censorship, he has succeeded admirably.

Not only has he forbidden the performance of plays by famous writers because they dealt seriously with serious subjects. He has allowed to be acted numbers of pieces which contained incidents certainly not fit for decent-minded audiences.

In the case of the Pinero doll, he not only permits it, he excuses it. If he is not careful he will get into trouble again.

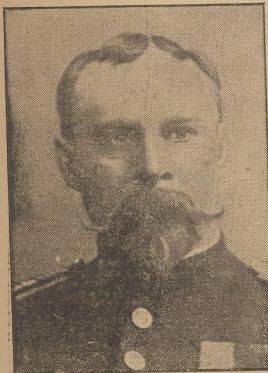
A few years ago Mr. Bowles asked in the House of Commons, after Mr. Redford had been talking, "Will the Examiner of Plays be rebuked for his indiscreet remarks?" The Home Secretary replied, amid loud laughter: "I understand he has had that rebuke already."

Personally, Mr. Redford is a mild-mannered man of literary tastes. Constant reading of plays has given him a depressed air of settled melancholy. He has, however, been known to smile.

Before he got his present appointment over the heads of many distinguished applicants for the job he was in a bank. That really suited him much better.

# THROUGH THE CAMERA LENS

FAMOUS FIREMAN RETIRES.



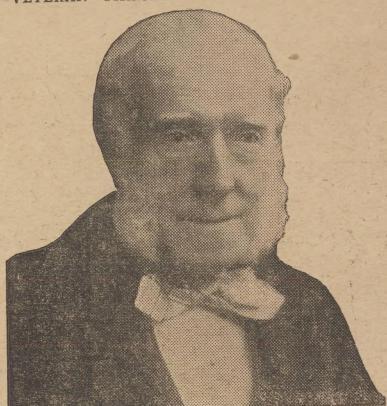
Supt. A. M. Stutter, of the London Fire Brigade, who has just retired after a service of nearly 27 years.

S.A. BADGE.



The badge of the Auxiliary League of the Salvation Army. Lady Seaford wishes it was larger. —(See page 4.)

VETERAN THEATRE MANAGER RETIRES.



After spending sixty years in entertaining the public, Mr. Charles Morton, the well-known manager of the Palace Theatre, has retired into private life.—(Langfier.)

## TO DEFEND BRITAIN'S COASTS.



Men of the Royal Garrison Artillery removing one of the huge 9.2 guns to a fort now in construction at the summit of Culver Cliff, Sandown.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS SANTUZZA.



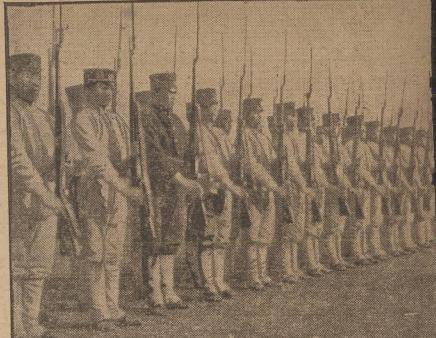
Mrs. Brown-Potter, as she will appear in Salvini's version of "Cavalleria Rusticana," which she produces at the Savoy Theatre this evening.—(Talma, Melbourne.)

## A PERPLEXED JAP.



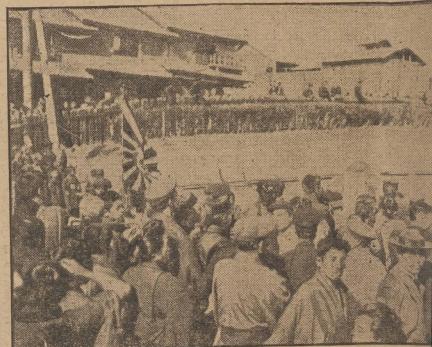
This little Japanese boy was no little perplexed when he was approached by the photographer. Afterwards, however, he insisted upon being given the pneumatic bulb attached to the camera shutter. He got it.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

## PICTURES FROM THE THE



A detachment of Japanese soldiers lined up in review order. Kuroki.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly")

## WAITING TO GREET THE



Crowds of Japanese waiting along the railway line at Kobe to greet wounded soldiers from the front.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly")

## JAPANESE TRANSPORT M



A considerable portion of the Japanese operations in Manchuria is performed by Chinese coolies. This shows the amount of baggage which

(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly")

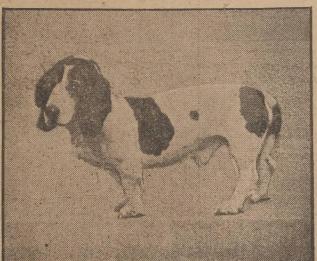


The 5th Division of Pioneers building a bridge across the river. —(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly")

RE OF WAR

# NEWS TOLD IN PHOTOGRAPHS

## KENNEL CLUB SHOW.



Her Majesty the Queen's basset hound, Sandringham Jockey, which will be shown at the National Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace on Monday.



Mrs. Bower's French poodle, Canon Hill Beauty, and—



Mrs. E. Waterlow's Nuthurst Doctor, which will also be exhibited at the Palace next week.—(Photographs by Russell and Sons.)

## LIGHT BLUES' PRESIDENT.



Mr. H. Sanger, of Lady Margaret Boating Club, who will be elected president of the Cambridge University Boat Club.



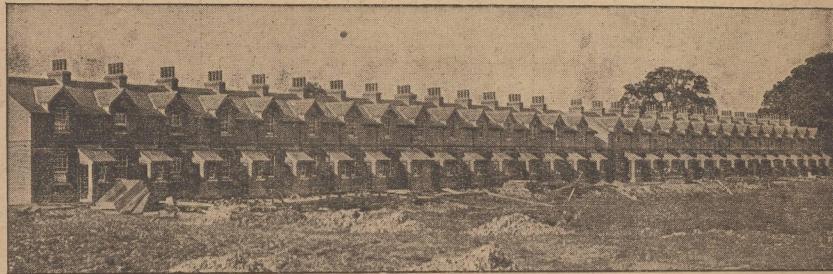
are carried out by  
ried by each coolie.—

## THE SWINDON FOOTBALL TEAM.



The Swindon eleven is one of the most improved teams in the Southern League. They play Reading to-day.

## THE ALDERSHOT OF LONDON.



A portion of the married men's quarters at the new military barracks now nearing completion at Mill Hill. When the whole of the buildings in connection with the barracks have been finished Mill Hill will be one of our greatest military centres.

## TWO PRETTY CANDIDATES FOR "MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.



LESLIE SNOOK, of Salisbury.



EDITH ROOS, of South Ealing.

## OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

## THE PERIL BY NIGHT.

A dark night in Manchuria—dark as the grave, a moaning storm, which congeals one's breath, freezes the blood in one's veins, and stirs up whole mountains of snow in front of it—heaven and earth amalgamated in an endless fog, an unlimited darkness, nowhere broken by so much as the twinkle of a light.

The storm tears round the little guardhouse. It flings flying masses of snow against the thickly-frosted window, it sweeps across the roof, and ceases its clamour for a while, preparing for a new assault.

Inside, in the officer's room, a young Russian Lieutenant lies dreaming on the leather couch. A sudden noise of heavy steps. The sergeant stands before him.

"Well, what is it?"

"I have to report to your honour that the cold is still increasing. The thermometer has gone down to 30 degrees below freezing point."

"What's to be done?" "The lieutenant yawned.

"As it is, the sentries are relieved every hour."

"At your honour's service, but it's getting rather difficult as they had been to a vapour-bath; they have to wade in snow up to their waist."

Post 5 was situated on a distant redoubt, which served as a power-magazine. Directly in front of it was the river, now frozen to its lowest depths, which, on the other shore, gradually turned into a series of swamps. The latter were bounded, for miles round, by thick, undergrown woods.

"Well, they'll have to be patient to-night, that's all," said the officer. "Have you anything more to report?"

"Nothing, your honour." "You may go then."

In the men's room there was a good deal of noise. The relieved sentries had come back; they were stamping the snow from their waterproof boots, shaking it off their sheepskin coats, and disengaging their baslikhs from their ears and necks.

"Well, brothers, how do you like this weather?" asked one of the soldiers, a thick-set fellow, with bright eyes and a grin on his good-natured face.

"Wait till you're frozen—you won't feel like laughing then," growled another, as he hung his heavy sheepskin on a hook.

The others had approached the table, where one of their comrades sat reading aloud. The men formed a circle around him, their eyes fixed intently upon the lips of the reader.

"The Japanese," he read, "are more like monkeys than men—"

"What was that?" said someone suddenly, in a low voice—"yonder, from across the river—"

"What was it?"

"Don't you hear it, brothers? It's wolves!"

The men looked at each other. Then one of them said desirously, "Wolves? Nonsense! It was nothing but the storm."

But the first speaker insisted. "It was the howling of wolves, nothing else. They are on the other side of the river, opposite the powder-redoubt."

That was where Post 5 stood. Who was the next to relieve him?

All looked at Pankratieff, a young recruit, who rose from his seat with a look of dismay.

The men laughed, as if to banish their own fears.

"You had better look out; the wolves will tear you to pieces."

One of the fellows went down on all fours, showed his teeth, and approached the recruit, uttering a low growl.

At this, however, the sergeant started up angrily. "Be quiet!" he shouted, "or you'll be sorry. A nice way to be, to be on guard! Quick, get the next relief ready!"

The soldiers wrapped themselves in their sheepskins and baslikhs, and seized their muskets. Their

faces had grown graver as the foremost threw open the door. They were met by a cloud of whirling snow and an icy temperature as they stepped out. To their eyes, dizzied by the light, the darkness outside seemed impenetrable.

They groped their way out and disappeared in the gloom.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

From somewhere in the maw the voice of Post 5 came out of the darkness, hoarse and indistinct, for the snowdrift filled the mouth of everyone who attempted to call or shout.

The sentries were exchanged in silence. The one relieved groped and waded away with the others through the storm. The young recruit remained behind alone at Post 5.

He entered the sentry-box, which at least sheltered him from the tempest, if not from the cold. Inside, he sat down, and set his musket by his side in the deep snow, which had drifted in through the door, and listened in silence to the chaos of sounds outside in the darkness.

What were they doing at home now? There was snow, plenty of snow there, too, in the lonely village of the steppe. The low cabins would be buried in it. It was hard work to dig a passage from the door to the street, and keep it open.

Well, what of that? Snow keeps you warm. And what a happy time they are having in the village now, in the winter season! They go from house to house, in disguise, to visit their neighbours; they skim, in their three-horse sleighs, across the boundless, snow-covered fields; and inside the cabin, in the cozy living room, dimly lit by a flickering lamp, two old people just as this hour are sitting opposite each other at table, thinking of him and talking of him, while, having crossed themselves, they eat their supper. The young recruit felt a lump rising in his throat; a deep feeling of homesickness came over him, and an inspeakable longing for his loved ones.

What was the good of thinking? He rose quickly, and seized his musket, in order to leave the sentry-box, when suddenly—

A long-drawn-out, piercing howl came out of the profound darkness in front of him, and lost itself in a hoarse, low growl. From the rampart about a second, deeper voice responded, and from further off the fierce sounds were repeated in chorus.

The wolves!

The blood of the lonely sentinel seemed to freeze in his veins. Involuntarily he leaned against the wooden sentry-box, so as to protect his back. Then he cocked his musket, and stared out into the night as if he would have penetrated the dark depths of his heart.

He beat his head forward in order to catch the faintest sound that the wind might bear to him.

But all was quiet, perfectly quiet. The young fellow drew a deep breath. The minutes passed slowly. Good Heavens! when would the relief come?

He felt a mad desire to leave his post and run up to the guardhouse as fast as his feet would carry him. But he knew his duty! He could not desert his post; he was obliged to stay, dead or alive, where the orders of his superiors had placed him.

"The wolves are gone," he thought to himself; "they only wanted to frighten me, and—"

There, nearer than before, the lugubrious howl, and, without delay, the answer from the rampart above. But no longer from a single wolf! No, that was the snarling and barking of the whole pack, which had crossed the river in the meantime.

Evidently the wind had given them the scent, and they knew that a solitary man was standing there in the wintry night, a man whose hair rose up with horror, and who, clasping his musket with trembling hands, stared up at the rampart.

There, on the ridge, where the snow had been blown away, crouched the pack. Their horrible

yelping alternately grew louder and died away again, only to recommence after a long pause. Each time in long, drawn-out tones the bass of a veteran wolf rose above the rest of the hoarse company. He appeared to be the leader of the pack, and to be far in advance of the others. It seemed as if his shadow were visible in the darkness—and now, suddenly two pho-phenomenal green points flashed out directly in front of the recruit, and more piercing than ever, the howls from above recommended.

He aimed and fired.

Like a clap of thunder the report reverberated through the moat—then, a despairing whine from the rampart, a whine which bough the yelping of the pack to a sudden end. Dark shadows flitted to and fro, and there were sounds of snarling, gnashing of teeth, and crunching—the wolves, in mutual combat, were tearing to pieces the carcass of their comrade who had been shot.

In the meantime the sentinel was reloading his musket.

He had but one cartridge left. That used, he would be defenceless. He must save it till the last moment.

But there was no time to lose. He raised his musket. Shadowy forms approached him from all sides—greenish lights came flickering toward him—the horrid sounds drew nearer and nearer.

Just as he was about to fire an indistinct mass detached itself from the dark background of the rampart. It sprang toward him, but, missing him, struck the ground in front of him violently, seizing as it did so the sleeve of his coat, so that the old skin to e, and a piece of it fell to the ground with the wolf.

At the same time the musket discharged itself upward. The recruit swung it, still smoking in the air, turned it about, and brought the butt with all his force down upon the ground beside him. Before the wolf, whose mouth was still filled with fragments of wool and skin, could prepare for a new attack. The butt struck something hard, and when Pankratieff lifted the musket the beast remained motionless. Its backbone was broken.

But in another moment he felt something tugging vehemently at the musket, something that had fastened its greedy fangs on the barrel. The hoarsely-yelping shadow darted at him, the green stars shone on every side—the wolves dug their teeth into his coat—he fell to the ground under their weight, with his face in the snow. The hot, fetid breath of the creatures was all about him; he felt them tugging and fearing at his coat—now it was beginning to give way.

Suddenly a bullet came whizzing over the ground upward. The recruit swung it, still smoking in the air, lit up the darkness—shot on shot followed the soldier lay alone. The wolves had receded a few steps, and stood in a semi-circle, growling and showing their teeth in indecision. But they perceived that it was no single enemy who was approaching; it was a whole troop of armed men. And suddenly all was still. Silently the beasts crept and trotted away through the darkness.

The young recruit lay on the ground motionless. All around him were fragments of his sheepskin coat; his bent musket lay beside him. He was alive, he breathed, and seemed uninjured. And soon he recovered consciousness and realised that a detachment of his comrades, who had heard his shots in the guardhouse, had rescued him at the last moment.

They took him under the arms and led him along the moat, back to the warm guardroom. Behind him several of the soldiers dragged along the wolves that had been killed—three gaunt, long-legged beasts.

After that the redoubt was deserted.

In an hour the wolves returned. They renewed their howling, and snuffed and looked about for a victim. But nothing living stirred round about. They had accomplished one thing—Post No. 5 was not occupied again that night.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## SERVANTS' TIPS.

It is people's own fault if they are "rooked" by their servants or the people they stay with.

I never give to any servant who hasn't done something special for me [such as putting out my clothes for dinner or keeping up a good fire in my room or giving me a good place in the shoot], and never give more than five shillings—usually only half-a-crown.

It only wants a little courage—or, call it if you like, indifference to other people's opinion of you. Windsor.

## ANOTHER SUBALTERN.

## SPORT OR SLAUGHTER?"

Is not "Old Harrovian" slightly in error?

What is deer-stalking but creeping up within range of unsuspecting animals, and shooting them as they stand?

What is partridge shooting, etc., etc., but creeping up within gunshot of timid and unsuspecting birds, and shooting them as they rise?

D. Z. BEAUMONT (another Old Harrovian). Brighton.

## CANCER CURES.

Years ago, in the west of England, I heard of a very old "village" cure for cancer, which had a good record. If it is still to be obtained it certainly deserves attention.

In Dorsetshire they used to call it "Ploughman's Drapery." I wonder if it is still for sale?

13, Stanley-crescent, W. JOHN WYATT.

## PLAGUING THE P.O."

The Post Office may be able to decipher these obscure addresses. I wish they would take more trouble over plain ones.

There is no one else of my name in London, I am in the directory, and I have a large brass plate on my door. Yet on several occasions letters with very slight mistakes in the address have failed to reach me.

I suppose the officials are too busy over intentionally funny envelopes to give any time to accidental errors.

1, Langham-place, W. OLGA SERGOOD.

## MR. DOOLEY ON CHILDREN.

The American Humorist Compares this Generation with the Last.

*Now, if parents—* "are so base as to want to look at th' little darlin'," says Mr. Dooley, in the "Westminster Gazette," "they shud first be examined by a competent physician to see that there is naughtin' wrong with them that they cud give th' baby. They will thin take a bath in sulphuric acid, and havin' carefully attired themselves in a sterilized rubber suit, they will approach within eight feet iv th' object iv their ignoble affection an' leave at wanst."

"In no case mus' they kiss, hug, or fondle their progeny. Many diseases, such as lumbago, pain in th' chist, premachoor baldness, senile decrepitude, which are prevalent among adults, can be communicated to a child fr'm th' parent."

"Besides, it is bad fr' the moral nature iv th' infant. Affection fr' its parents is wan iv th' mos' dangerous symptoms iv rickets. Th' parents may not be worthy iv th' love iv a th' surly surlied child."

*In the next generation—* "Th' childher was allowed to set up at th' table an' have a good cup iv tan' an' a pickle at two. If there was more than enough to go around they got what nobody else wanted."

"No attention was paid to their diet. Th' prisin race iv hayrcos who are now startin' th' wurlrd in finance, politics, th' arts an' sciences, burglary an' lithraachor, was brought up on wathermorn rinds, speckled apples, raw onions stolen fr'm th' grocer, as' coccoanut pie."

"Their nursery was th' backyard. They learned to walk as soon as they were able, an' if they got too legged ivybody said they wud be strong men."

Mr. Dooley's final advice is: "Get as much amusement as ye can out iv ye'r infant," says I. "Teach him to love ye now," I says, "before he know. After a whil he'll get onto ye an' it'll be too late."

## FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONFIDENCE.

The seagulls which frequent the Thames and St. James's Park in autumn and winter are becoming accustomed to the London climate.

They used, says Mr. T. Digby Pigott, an authority on bird-life, to spend only their days in town, going back to the country every night to sleep. Now they live in London altogether.

Mr. Pigott also points out that such birds as dabchicks and woodpigeons now make themselves quite at home in the parks. The pigeons scarcely trouble to move out of the way of perambulators, and the dabchicks nest within a few yards of the most crowded paths.

A new game has just been invented in North Georgia. It takes a young man, a girl, and an apple. The young man tosses the apple in the air.

If it comes down he kisses the girl. If it stays up he doesn't. After the apple wears out new apples may be substituted. There is no time limit to the game.—"Atlanta Journal" (Georgia, U.S.A.).

## RECORD BATTLE.

## More Men Engaged in Manchuria Than Ever Fought Together Before.

In the great battle in the Far East which has just ended so disastrously for Russia there were more men engaged than have ever fought against each other before. The numbers are put at 600,000.

The nearest thing to this recorded in history is a battle fought between Alexander of Macedon and the Persians. In that 500,000 are supposed to have taken part, or, rather, to have tried to take part, for the Persian general had so arranged matters that most of his soldiers could only tread on each other's toes. In this affair 10,000 cavalry and 100,000 infantry were finished off.

We have to wait till Hannibal plays Alexander's part in Italy before we get anything on that scale. Against Hannibal every man Rome could muster was employed—about 130,000 men at one time.

In the Middle Ages historians saw rather large. What they say must be taken with several cellar of salt. At Tours in 732, where Charles Martel, King of France, defeated the Saracens (if he hadn't, we might be wearing turbans now), a monk informs us that 370,000 Arabs fell, and only 1,000

## POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

## A Gem from Mr. Willie Yeats's Chalet of Delicate Fancies.

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true;  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars  
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

—W. B. YEATS.

## TWO MORE EPIPHATHS.

Here lies my wife; here let her lie.  
She's now at rest—and so am I.

In Kilkeel churchyard, needless to say—in Ireland, the following is inscribed on a tombstone:  
Under this sod lies John Round,  
Who was lost in the sea, and never was found.

# TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

## CHAPTER XXIV. (continued).

The suddenness with which his exit had been made sent Ferris receling against the wall; the transition from the dazzling, garish glare of the stage to the comparative gloom of the passage blinded him.

He was conscious as he recoiled of some dim bulk which might have been the figure of a man—or merely some piece of stage furniture waiting for readjustment. Then, without the slightest warning, such light as the passage possessed flickered and died, leaving him in utter darkness.

The shock of the discovery of his missing wife in such a place had completely sobered him; his senses were all alert. For a moment or two he stood with nerves strained like drawn wires, waiting for reprisal or attack. He did not for an instant underestimate the character of the place into which Hilda had been entrapped as to suppose that he should be allowed to leave it unmolested—to return with a posse of police. But, though he stood like a statue in the dark, while strange, star-like visions floated before his pained eyes, and those sounds of the interior hearing which silence breeds rang in his ears, nothing stirred. There was not a movement, a sound, a breath, except that, in the distance, like a sullen challenge, there thrilled the music of those devilish pipes which accompanied Hilda in her dance.

At last, somewhat reassured, he made a stealthy movement, an advance towards the door through which he had come. He knew where it was, immediately behind him, where he had rebounded from the wall. He gazed at it for quietly his movements noiseless and little as those of a cat. Instead of the rough wood of the door, with its iron champing, nuts and bolts, his groping fingers encountered something yielding, soft, warm—an upright human body.

He was startled into a curse. There was something nerve-shattering in this wordless encounter in the darkness.

"Who's there?" he demanded. "What are you sneaking in the dark like that for?" His voice was clear and distinct, but low pitched, because of what lay at the other side of the door.

There was no answer. Only his own voice echoed in the narrow passage with that peculiarly disconcerting echo which the sound of one's own voice has in empty darkness.

He moved again, this time with more directness, and at this there was a scuffle of feet on the uneven, loose boarding of the temporary way, and something hurled itself against him, a man, pinning him to the wall in unison, if expected, attack.

Cough fast by the arms, menaced by he knew not what, Ferris was forced to resort to kicks. The range was too near for his feet, but doubling his knee he lurched forward with it violently and suddenly. A grunting sound which could not be called a groan, yet which assuredly was indicative of pain, told him that he had struck; as he intended to strike, below the belt. There was a slight relaxing of the grip upon his shoulders.

He took instant advantage of this comparative freedom of his arms to make a sideways movement, hoping to gain room to rush his assailant and bear him to the ground.

The advantage was merely temporary, for the other, getting his wind again, closed on him instantly. Floundering and stumbling, intertwined together in a human knot, the two men swayed in the darkness, their feet making strange sounds from the uneven boards of the passage. Ferris struck out at random, his frenzied blows telling nowhere; he was like a blind man fighting with a man in full possession of his sight, for every blow of the other's great fists told—on mouth, on eyes, on nose. His face was a mass of pain.

Someone's foot had caught in the uneven ground. Over they rolled, Ferris now on top victorious, now below being crushed from the semblance of a man.

His one thought was to pinion the other's arms to save himself from the touch ready knife, which is the weapon of the bravado of such den. He clung to them like a crab, but it was an easy task; his unmanly opponent was cotted in some curious gauze—a smooth, slippery material, the surface dotted with some small, exceedingly sharp excrescences which cut the palms of his hands, his clinging fingers, like diminutive knives.

And all this time there was no word, no sign—except his sense of touch, to tell him that his enemy was a man. Nothing but thick, panting, animal breathing, and an overpowering odour of heated, oily skin, which nearly stifled him.

It suddenly flashed upon Ferris as he rolled, fighting like a tiger cat for his life, that life that not many hours before he had counted cheap, that the man he fought in the darkness was a negro.

Would his strength last? Could he retain his hold much longer? His dull eyes held visions of a descending knife in the darkness, his consciousness was dwarfed by the knowledge of his hands. He was all hands—aching, bleeding hands.

Ah! The silence was cut by a cry, so piercing, so charged with pained horror, that it rang through even to that crowded, stifling place where, glowering, stamping, tipsy, the audience were cheering.

Hilda to the echo as she whirled on in the last mad gyrations of her dance.

The negro had set his teeth in Ferris's cheek. He strove to rise, to fling him off; his grip was as tenacious as a bulldog. Insensibly Ferris's grip of his arms relaxed; he fell back, back. In the agony of his pain he became aware of flashing lights, hurrying figures. Then came a cessation of pain; he strove to rise. Something, a red-hot pain, shot through his left breast; the lights danced in a mist, they were like the mad eyes of Hilda, his wife. The waters of bitterness, of death, passed over his soul.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Doctor René Fromenthal.

Dr. René Fromenthal was a student of mankind, he was also a doctor of medicine whose zeal in certain branches of his science had led him into unfortunate collusion with the police of his native land. That he was not altogether the martyr to a tyrannical system, as he would have wished to convey, is demonstrated by the fact that the good people of that quarter in Paris where he had practised his beneficent art, had waited in large numbers for the conclusion of his trial in order that they might supplement the fiat of justice by a lynching of their own account.

In England, however, whether he had repaired after a suitable retirement for meditation on the indiscretions of seal, he had found ample opportunity for "the proper study of mankind," but he had found little else. Whatever alien may flourish on our too hospitable shores, the foreign physician does not, unless supplied with credentials, which our unfortunate friend did not yet possess.

So it happened that the night which found him at the Fifth Circle of Paradise sharing a bathing-machine bus with Robert Ferris and Oswald Methuen, found him also in melancholy contemplation of the change out of his last flora.

He had chance to drop into this delectable house of call on the invitation of a Bengalee, gentleman whom he had encountered in a small Indian restaurant in Soho; one of those convenient and princely places where you dine off six courses and the one gravy for the pastry sum of eight-pence. The occasion of his visit was the occasion of poor Hilda's unwilling debut. The performance had riveted him from the first; it was not until to-night, however, that he made certain that that performer was a white woman.

A white woman, and an English aristocrat's wife! (Robert Ferris had seemed very aristocratic in the dingy setting of the box.) Now, what possible capital could René Fromenthal make from the remarkable discovery, capital which would transmute the dirty copper fractions of his florin into clean English sovereigns?

He debated this question with all the ardour of his very alert brain even while Ferris turned down the passage. He was not, however, until he surmised that the outraged husband would be out of sight that he politely drew the attention of Methuen to the fact of his friend's departure.

"Monsieur does not care for dancing," he observed in a sullen voice. "It is a pity; this is really a very exclusive exhibition."

Methuen regarded him with that glacial glare which soon Englishmen think necessary to assume when addressed by a stranger and a foreigner. "I—" he began when saw that Ferris had gone. He was torn between two desires, interest in the dance and a wish for very pressing reasons not to lose sight of Ferris.

"When did my friend go?" he asked more pointedly.

The Frenchman bowed. "Monsieur was bored," he indicated, this with a supremely eloquent gesture of his well-kept hands, "he has but departed."

He bowed once more.

With some muttered words of annoyance Methuen left the box, oblivious of the other's courteous "Good night," and stumbled past the pay-hoy, no longer tenanted by the fat negroes, and so out into the shop and the busy streets.

René Fromenthal sought to himself in the depths of his luxuriant moustache, and putting on his hat strolled out of the box.

He had not gone very far along the sanded passage (fresh sanded between the intervals, for the keepers of this place were more hygienic than their patrons), which led to the outer door, with which, of course, Methuen was unacquainted, when Ferris's cry echoed through the house. His practised ear caught the ring of pain in it. He stopped dead.

"Fe dé Di!" muttered Fromenthal. "The Englishman. They are treating him like the pig."

He was at a loss, should he interfere? He had no desire to risk his own skin. Yet here, surely this was safe enough. In a low quarter of Paris a murderer, a stabbing, does not create much talk, but though in truth this quarter of dreary London was探險 enough, it was not as some parts of the East-end, which he knew. Why, some of the broadest thoroughfares of the middle West thronged and flowed not a hundred yards away.

Where had they got the man? He was not sure; he had been in many devious passages in this

sordid place of abomination—that was his pose, he never saw a social score without probing it as far as he could. As he looked down in thought, he felt the clue out of his embarrassment. On the fresh sanded floor there were the tracks of but one pair of feet, the feet of a well-dressed man, the outraged husband beyond a doubt; not large, pointed, well placed. Fromenthal could almost have sworn to the maker.

He followed the track; they led him merely to that unwieldy door giving on to the deserted side street he knew so well—he lodged there, to his sorrow.

"Mon Dieu!" Fromenthal leaned against the door and laughed silently to himself. So much for the building detective in his soul. The man had gone for the police while he had been indulging in romantic vapouring, imagining a Gaborian or de Boisgobey romance ready made to his hand in this sordid London.

He was glad he had escaped making a fool of himself, or even, at the worst, being mixed up in the affair. If there had been a row—he had no desire to make his bow to the British public as a witness in the trial of some low half-castes, the keepers of a disreputable café chantant.

So, congratulating himself, Dr. René Fromenthal cocked his hat at a rakish angle, twisted the magnificent moustache, and sauntered up the street, with the intention of expending some of his remaining pence at the little French restaurant he knew of where the coffee was good, and the little girl who served it remarkably pretty. He was a gambler at heart—tomorrow would provide for itself—he would retain sufficient for his morning roll and coffee.

It was very cosy in the little café over whose door hung a discoloured tricolour flag. Little Mme. Duverney was distractingly pretty, but what captivated René Fromenthal more, she possessed brains. He found himself envying the absent Gustave—unavailingly—for Madame was the most devoted of spouses. Yet such a woman! Fromenthal sighed to himself, these women, who can twist men round their fingers and rule whatever empire their little feet happen to be set in. Just such a woman and a thousand pounds of English money! He smacked his lips over his coffee. He could do something then—he was something—go back and be revenged on those pigs—

Madame's voice, clear and sweet and commanding, broke in on these pleasurable reflections. It was closing time—the atrocious English law—the tyranny of it—yet she must ask monsieur to move on.

Monsieur stood up and shook himself, behaving as gallantly as he was expected to behave, for Madame Duverney had an eye for a man, and divined the fine figure while she also divined the lack of the missing linen and waistcoat. He bowed over her hand and wished her a thousand felicitations, passing out into the damp drizzle and the darkness with a malediction on the English climate.

Certainly it was a night for which the most hardened optimist would have found excuse difficult.

Chill and penetrating, with this newborn drizzle in the air, and in the atmosphere the grey ghost of a fog.

The damp took all the starch out of Fromenthal's sense of illusion. He became unpleasantly aware of many defects in his toilette as he walked. The holes in his shoes, for example, the lack of his waistcoat and sundry other garments, now coming to the paternal keeping of the uncle who, paradoxically, in France would be termed the aunt.

The chill and the damp and the cold reminded him of other unpleasant facts, too—that his capital had now shrunk to six bronze coins; that he had no earthly, or heavenly, for that matter, idea where they were to be supplemented on the morrow; and, further, that in that miserable Soho garret whether his feet were bound there were no materials for a fire, nor a grate in which to light them if there had been.

He tramped on. Perhaps because of the night the streets which had hummed with people when Ferris and Methuen drove through them were now deserted. The streets are the playground of the poor—now it was the time for sleep.

The street in which his lodgings lay, the street also which gave one exit from that Paradise to which Ferris had so unfortunately drawn, was also given one exit from that Paradise by one solitary lamp, and patrolled by no policeman, simply because when the police visited they did so in trios and quartettes. He turned into it with a feeling of great loathing, because he was a man who knew refinement and luxury and loved it.

The house in which he lodged had once been a habitation of the great. Countesses in lace and satin, and lords in velvet and fine linen, had once ruled it between these dingy walls. It even owned a ghost—a fair lady with a fine reputation, who repented her of the evil she had done, and came back to earth to bewail it. Now it was let out in tenements; the great door with its iron arch and torch rests, where linksmen had thrust the flaring flambeaux, was open day and night. The tenants had no need of hatchkeys.

To-night, however, somewhat to René's surprise, the door was partly closed over. He set his foot against it with a curse and a grumble. It resisted him. He tried his hand, pushed it, exerted his strength against it. It moved grudgingly, and he stepped inside.

The flaring, uncovered gas on the staircase had not yet been extinguished. It fell full on the obstruction behind the door—the huddled-up body of a man.

Fromenthal bent down, then drew back with an exclamation of astonishment. The body on the floor of the foul passage was the body of the man he called the "outraged husband"—the body of Robert Ferris.

To be continued on Monday.



To H.M. THE KING.

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# SHOULD PROPOSALS BE MADE BY LETTER?—THE WASP WAIST.

## THE FATEFUL QUESTION.

### IN SPEECH OR BLACK AND WHITE?

No proposal of marriage should be made by letter unless there is no other way possible in which to make it. For to read the tender question is the very coldest and least lover-like way in which any girl can be wooed. Written words are lifeless; they can never carry one tithe of the force and glow that the lamest, most halting confession of love possesses when it is spoken.

#### The Magic of the Voice.

Unless a man is absolutely obliged to write his proposal there is something cowardly about doing it by letter. It looks as if he were not enough of a man to take his chance of a refusal; and there is nothing that so repels a woman as cowardice in a lover. It also seems as if he were not ardent enough about the matter to come and urge his suit for himself, and this, too, goes against him. A letter is so cold compared with what voice and manner lend to the same spoken words that it is quite likely to chill the girl and make her say "No."

#### This May Be Taken for Granted.

In a score of cases a lover who might have won his cause were he to plead it in person, loses it altogether when he only puts it on paper. For, supposing the girl to be undecided, not sure of herself, taken by surprise. Ten chances to one she answers no, and definitely, whereas had her lover been at hand he would have begged her to take time and think the matter over, and might even have won a "Yes" from her without more ado.

She, we will say, is undecided and uncertain; his pleading turns the scale. She finds her heart respond to the tremor in his voice, and the eager-

pethetic, moving, tender in a letter; while the more he feels the less he expresses. She might succeed in melting the heart for which she sued, even if pen and ink were her only besieging weapons. She could even make a typewriter eloquent. But as for man doing anything of the sort, the idea is hopeless.

So let no man suppose there is any excuse for him in his lady's eyes for writing a proposal to her unless it is absolutely his sole and only way

womenfolk like, and frequently, in consequence, end by buying nothing.

To them the *Daily Mirror's* miniatures will appeal, for they are the daintiest, smartest, and most charming presents it is possible to procure. If a sweetheart's birthday is approaching give her a miniature of yourself; if a wife's, a double pendant with your own portrait on one side and that

they drain them well, being careful not to let them break.

#### FOWL A LA ST. STEPHANO.

Take two savoy cabbages, wash them well, cut them into four pieces, and boil them for a quarter of an hour. To remove the strength from the cabbages drain them well and place them in a large, deep, enamelled saucepan or stewpan, with one onion cut small, a little pepper, salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Cover the cabbage with milk, and let it simmer for five hours. Then place the fowl on top of the cabbage and baste it well with the ingredients. The cab-



Half a dozen different periods of fashion over which the small waist held sway are illustrated above. Details concerning them the article "Eighteen-inch Waists" affords.

of putting the fatal question. If seas part the pair, or there is no possible chance of his ever obtaining that private interview upon which all his fondest hopes depend, why, then, indeed, he may put pen to paper to tell a girl he loves her and ask her if she will make him the happiest of men. But to do it merely because he is not bold enough to speak, or because it saves him trouble, is rank cowardice, besides which he deprives himself of the pleasure of persuading her to yield. Every woman likes saying "No, no, no," when she means one

of your child on the other is sure to delight her, while a mother will like to have her son or grandchild as a brooch, that is certain.

In brooch form the miniature costs 3s. 3d., and as a pendant 2s. 11d.; and all you have to do is to send the photograph you wish to have produced as a miniature to the *Daily Mirror* with particulars as to the colour of hair, eyes, complexion, and dress of the person presented. The photograph will be returned uninjured with the miniature.

#### SUNDAY'S DINNER.

Clear soup with marrow balls.  
Fish croquettes.  
Fowl a la St. Stephano.  
Marigold sponge.

#### CLEAR SOUP WITH MARROW BALLS.

**INGREDIENTS**—One pound of shin of beef, one carrot, one turnip, one leek, a bunch of parsley. Cut the meat into small pieces, and also the vegetables, after well washing them. Place the whole in a saucepan, simmering the gravy for five hours, and afterwards pass the result through a fine sieve. Add a little pepper and salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground ginger.

Prepare the marrow balls as follows:—Take three eggs, a pint of milk, a quarter of a pint of very fine bread-crums, pepper, salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and one yolk of egg. Mix the marrow and bread-crums well together, add the seasonings, and finally the yolk of egg, mix well. Make it into balls with two wooden spoons, dredged with flour.

The soup should be boiling, ready to receive the balls, but must not boil after the balls are added, or they will break. Let it simmer for ten minutes, take the balls out very carefully, before the soup is put in the tureen, then place them in the tureen, and pour the soup gently over them.

#### FISH CROQUETTES.

Any cold fish may be used, but if uncooked fish be taken first place it in the oven with a little butter, milk, pepper and salt; cover it tightly to keep the fish moist, then scrape the fish and make a good butter sauce as follows:—Place three ounces of butter and a good tablespoonful of flour in a small enamelled saucepan, knead them well together, then add one pint of milk, and boil from twelve to fifteen minutes. Put the fish into the sauce and stir well together for a few minutes, then pour it out on to a well-greased dish.

Let it stand for three or four hours, with a pan of boiling best frying oil ready; cut the croquettes into pieces three inches long and one and a half inches wide, and after covering them with egg and bread-crums fry them a nice brown colour,

bake must be kept covered with milk. Simmer it for another hour and a half to two hours (dependent upon the size of the fowl); add more pepper and salt if required. Be very careful not to let the stew burn.

#### MARIGOLD SPONGE.

Take ten ounces of flour, a quarter of a pound of chopped suet, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, two tablespoomfuls of treacle, one teaspoonful of brown ginger, and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix the flour and suet well together, then the sugar, ginger, and carbonate of soda, and lastly, the treacle. Grease the basin well, cover it down tightly, and steam it for two hours.

#### EIGHTEEN-INCH WAISTS.

The wasp waist, which is in fashion now, is no new thing, as specimens of it culled from ancient times prove. Even before the Elizabethan period, when very full hoop skirts and stiff stomachers made the slender waist look its tiniest, women delighted in displaying a tightly-compressed waist-line.

In the days of Charles II. the small waist was fashionable at the same time that the hair was dressed in infantile-looking little ringlets on the brow, and when the Georges were on the throne, and calashes, those strange, concertina-looking caps women with powdered hair sometimes put on, tight-lacing and panier skirts prevailed.

It was in the seventies of last century, when the Princess dress was so modish, that the vogue of the small waist was so very pronounced. Then an eighteen-inch waist was an uncommon sight, and torture was inflicted upon their health in the acquisition of this absurdly small measurement.



This delightful shirt might be equally well carried out in spotted silk, flannel, or delaine. Its chief feature is a plastron front piped with velvet.

ness in his look, whereas there is nothing at all to touch her in the mere declaration of his feelings set forth in matter-of-fact pen and ink. For few men can be eloquent in writing a proposal of marriage; they always produce a business-like offer instead of a passionate appeal.

If it were a woman who had to do it how different it would be. Her epistolary powers are, in any case, much superior to those of men. She can be

Fels-Naptha

Two washes washed 144 times: one with Fels-Naptha, the other with common soap; the first was not sensibly injured; the second was worn to holes.

See book.

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The bodice and skirt of the gown of to-day are a perfect match as a rule, and not as to material then as to colour. A very pretty scheme for a supple cloth bodice is the fold-over front one, illustrated above, with which are worn a lingerie chemise and cuffs.

great "Yes," only she wants to be wooed to say it. with all the fervour of a true lover's powers of persuasion, and not to have to blurt it out without the embroidery of a girl's coy reluctance.

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Somebody's birthday happens every day. Indeed, a great many somebodies are eligible for presents each twenty-four hours of the year. What to give is a problem in many minds, and especially in men's, who are at a loss to choose what their

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DAILY BARGAINS.  
*Continued from page 16.*

## Miscellaneous.

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Complete Desk and Outfit, 2/1 Carriage Free.  
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To advertise this Marvelous Line we are giving away, absolutely FREE, one to each of the 50 Applicants who send letters and specimens of their work. A sample of these Coal Cabinets are now on view at all our Branches, where Application Forms can be obtained or sent on receipt of 1d. stamped envelope.

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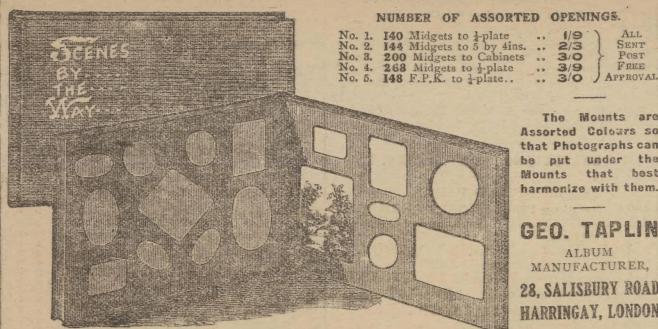
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It would be impossible to present a lady with a more pleasing or appropriate gift. Since we decided to offer these fashionable little portraits to our readers we have received hundreds of letters from delighted purchasers in praise of their excellence.

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5, Warwick-gardens, Kensington.

Miss Bradley and Miss Robinson received the Pendants, and think they are beautifully done.

6, Waller-road, New Cross Gate, S.E.

I received my Miniature, which you have produced so beautifully, quite safely this morning. I think it reflects the greatest credit on your artists, and is, in my opinion, finished most artistically and skilfully. E. A. VINCENT.

101, Church-street,  
Stoke Newington.

Dear Sir—I received Pendant yesterday morning. It has been greatly admired, and I am delighted with it.—Yours, A. TUCK.

43, Tennyson-street,  
Queen's-road, S.W.

Thanks for Miniature Pendant received to-day. It is splendid—a work of art, in fact. H. W. S.

Summerburn,  
Merchiston, Edinburgh.

Miss Sheppard has received the Miniature, and is very much pleased with it. She would like to know if she could have four more.

4, Hall-place, Spalding.

Dear Sir—I am delighted with the Pendant received the other day, and would like another. M. WHITE.

30, Coltman-street,  
Greenwich.

I received the Miniature of my sweetheart, and I am very pleased with it. It is so lifelike. E. SANSON.

Alston Oak, Harlow, Essex.

Mrs. Barnard begs to thank the *Daily Mirror* for the quite charming Pendant, and to express her great admiration for the finish and excellence of the same.

2, The Terrace,  
Rydle, I.W.

Have just received Brooch. Am delighted with it. It is perfectly lovely.

LAVINA DEEKS.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

## Miscellaneous.

UNDETECTABLE—Diamond Pins or Studs; last 3 months' sales exceed 1,300; post free 1s. 2d.—Elmore, 56, Chesterfield-nd, Bristol.

9 INCHES buy 5s. 9d. worth of artistic Picture Postcards; postage 1s.—W. G. Clapham.

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Rolled Gold Bracelets, stamped; very heavy Curv Chain; under design, with padlock, in heavy velvet case; price 1s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 3s. 6d. 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d. 6s. 6d. 7s. 6d. 8s. 6d. 9s. 6d. 10s. 6d. 11s. 6d. 12s. 6d. 13s. 6d. 14s. 6d. 15s. 6d. 16s. 6d. 17s. 6d. 18s. 6d. 19s. 6d. 20s. 6d. 21s. 6d. 22s. 6d. 23s. 6d. 24s. 6d. 25s. 6d. 26s. 6d. 27s. 6d. 28s. 6d. 29s. 6d. 30s. 6d. 31s. 6d. 32s. 6d. 33s. 6d. 34s. 6d. 35s. 6d. 36s. 6d. 37s. 6d. 38s. 6d. 39s. 6d. 40s. 6d. 41s. 6d. 42s. 6d. 43s. 6d. 44s. 6d. 45s. 6d. 46s. 6d. 47s. 6d. 48s. 6d. 49s. 6d. 50s. 6d. 51s. 6d. 52s. 6d. 53s. 6d. 54s. 6d. 55s. 6d. 56s. 6d. 57s. 6d. 58s. 6d. 59s. 6d. 60s. 6d. 61s. 6d. 62s. 6d. 63s. 6d. 64s. 6d. 65s. 6d. 66s. 6d. 67s. 6d. 68s. 6d. 69s. 6d. 70s. 6d. 71s. 6d. 72s. 6d. 73s. 6d. 74s. 6d. 75s. 6d. 76s. 6d. 77s. 6d. 78s. 6d. 79s. 6d. 80s. 6d. 81s. 6d. 82s. 6d. 83s. 6d. 84s. 6d. 85s. 6d. 86s. 6d. 87s. 6d. 88s. 6d. 89s. 6d. 90s. 6d. 91s. 6d. 92s. 6d. 93s. 6d. 94s. 6d. 95s. 6d. 96s. 6d. 97s. 6d. 98s. 6d. 99s. 6d. 100s. 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## FOOTBALL'S MANY ATTRACTIOMS.

### Huge List of Important Fixtures in Town and Country— First International.

#### ARSENAL AT BLACKBURN.

To-day a most interesting list of fixtures has been arranged. As a matter of fact it is too interesting, and there is a good deal of unfortunate clashing. We, in London, are at a loss to choose between a Southern League game, a Charity Cup tie, or a F.A. Cup tie. All are engrossing, but it is not given to mortals to attend more than one game.

It is perhaps a pity that the London Charity Cup Committee should have decided to play all four of their matches on the one day. There are four Southern League matches in London, and at least a couple of Cup-ties, and the competition is of more average interest, for the early part of the present season so many people are sure to go to Upton to see the Kent team. New Brompton, however, are a finely balanced team, with two splendid forwards in Barnet and Morris, and it will be a hot game.

This exhausts the London clubs, and of the country matches perhaps the outstanding dish is the meeting of Reading and Swindon at Swindon. It is the great match of the season with regard to cup-ties of which New Brompton are the Southern League representatives.

Reading are at the top of the table, and have won their way there by sheer merit. The Swindon people will see Herbert Smith, an amateur back, good enough in his first-class work for Liverpool, and a useful player, in my opinion the best in the League, but he may be a trifle off colour, as he has recently lost his brother, and did not play last week; a magnificent centre-half in Barnet; and one of the best and most consistent goal-scorers in the country in Murphy. How Reading treat the "Spurs" at Tottenham is still vivid in my memory, and I can promise Swindonians the sight of a fine side.

Of Swindon I have already written in most congratulatory vein this season. A fine side to watch, they play the game to the last minute, and their record is one of the bright features of the season.

At West Ham, Kirby and Cowley were the game, good players, though great

deal of their display was poor, but they must be

credited with a good crowd to see the Casuals' shoulders.

It is perhaps a pity that the London Casualians

will be visiting the Spud's old opponents, the London Casualians.

Although "Throstle" dealt with the League matches yesterday I cannot allow the Casuals to visit the north of England without a word of course. The Birmingham Rovers, who met one of the best sides in the League this year, Crompton has not been too certain about the other-Leggerwood, West Ireland. On both sides the teams are one short of full strength, as of the usual Arsenal eleven Ashcroft, the goalkeeper, will be playing in Belfast, and the Rovers will be without their clever half-back, Bradshaw, who will also be visiting the "distrustful countree."

After the Arsenal's victory over the Villa one could almost expect them to do anything, but they cut up so badly against the "Spurs" on Monday at Plumstead that they clearly a team which will not be a force to be reckoned with. I hope they will rise to a great occasion, as they did a week ago, and the news of London's win, as well as the Woodstockers' victory, will be a good crowd to see the Casuals' shoulders.

The "Fighting Nine" will be the earliest to spread the result in and around Plumstead.

Tottenham Hotspur, a team of infinite possibilities and frequent failures, will be at home to Northampton. Last year the match produced a fine struggle, and the "Spurs" won by 2 to 1. Then, however, Northampton were not so strong as at present, so that a good game is promised to-day in any case. Crompton may not be able to play, and will be known at Plumstead on Monday, and O'Hagan, an old Everton forward, may possibly be seen on the left wing with Kirwan. On his Monday's form Merton should certainly be seen as fast as Tipton's partner at back. The old New Brompton man cannot be kept out of the team.

Northampton have a very clever goalkeeper in Perkins. The old Queen's Rangers and Brentford, and the Brentford have only recently joined their former team. Yesterday, they sent a mixed team to Bristol to play the Rovers in a Western League match, and, although it proved a successful experiment, it is rumoured that they are to play the same team again on Saturday. It is difficult for not sending their full strength. Queen's Park are such a clever side, however, that I shall be greatly surprised if Brentford beat them, although last week they gained an important victory over Brighton. Last year the Rangers won by 1 to 0.

It will be a kind of "local Derby" at Park Royal, where Queen's Rangers and Brentford play. Brentford have only recently joined their former team. Yesterday, they sent a mixed team to Bristol to play the Rovers in a Western League match, and, although it proved a successful experiment, it is rumoured that they are to play the same team again on Saturday. It is difficult for not sending their full strength. Queen's Park are such a clever side, however, that I shall be greatly surprised if Brentford beat them, although last week they gained an important victory over Brighton. Last year the Rangers won by 1 to 0.

Brentford will have less fun in meeting Portsmouth to-day than they would have done a week or so ago. They won such a brilliant victory over Northampton last Saturday, and seem to have settled down so well to their game since Calvey has been included in the team that I quite expect them to win again. Winton, a West Ham United, North Greenwich, will be a fine game, and also some famous players in the Portsmouth team, which includes Thompson, the old Bury goalkeeper, who has also done great service "between the sticks" for Luton. Thompson is the possessor of an English Cup medal

In the metropolitan district the best match is between Richmond and Old Merchant Taylors. Judging by their last win over Liverpool last Saturday Richmond should appear to have come on, and to-day's game should settle the point. In South Wales the game is one of what H. L. Moore and J. Chambers have gone specially into residence to qualify for this Blue.

At Whitehaven this afternoon the first match of the season in the Rugby County Competition will be played between Cumberland and Durham. The latter county will be without E. W. Elliott, who has definitely decided to retire from the game, and G. E. Pimphrey, the old Captain. This will, of course, not be a serious loss, but despite that, Durham, who have for some years been the leaders in the Northern Division, should win. Cumberland lost all their games last season and have not gained in strength since then.

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last win over Liverpool last Saturday Richmond should

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H. L. Moore and J. Chambers have gone specially

into residence to qualify for this Blue.

Fulham, in spite of their hard start, should beat Brighton and Hove. Frier will probably be seen out again, and with Ross and Sharp in form, it is difficult to imagine the Brightoners will not be beaten, and getting many goals. At the same time, the Albion defence has been the strong feature of their play, and with Mellor in goal, and Robertson, the Old Reliable man, in the back line, the Brightoners will be beaten. The Fulham forwards will not find themselves given any

advantage, and the Rangers will be beaten.

Milwall will have less fun in meeting Portsmouth to-day than they would have done a week or so ago. They won such a brilliant victory over Northampton last Saturday, and seem to have settled down so well to their game since Calvey has been included in the team that I quite expect them to win again. Winton, a West Ham United,

North Greenwich, will be a fine game, and also some

famous players in the Portsmouth team, which includes Thompson, the old Bury goalkeeper, who has also done great service "between the sticks" for Luton.

Thompson is the possessor of an English Cup medal

#### Fels-Naphtha

Every woman who has had her money returned by her grocer (110 in 2 years £1 3 2½) has received from us a bar of Fels-Naphtha by mail with a letter (Go by the book); and most have answered: "I have. You are right." They went by the book.

Fels-Naphtha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

Other famous footballers in the team are the brothers Smith and "Dan" Cunlife, the great goal scorers, who has probably scored more goals for Portsmouth than any two players.

West Ham go to New Brompton. The "men of Kent" will sustain their first defeat after a strenuous struggle last Saturday at Plymouth, are hard to beat on their own ground. West Ham are, however, so good in the forward line, and so exceptionally strong behind, with Kingsley in the middle, that I am inclined to think of a half-half back line, that I quite expect them to inflict the season's second reverse on the Kent team. New Brompton, however, are a finely balanced team, with two splendid forwards in Barnet and Morris, and it will be a hot game.

London Senior Cup—Qualifying Competition, Second Round.

Middlesex Junior Cup, Second Round.

Middlesex Charity Cup, First Round.

LONDON CHARTER CUP—First Round.  
Ealing: Ealing v. Old Westminster.  
Dulwich: Dulwich Hamlet v. Old Carthusians.  
Upton: Upton v. Old Mertonians.  
Tottenham: Tottenham Hotspur v. Old Casuals (holders).

OTHER MATCHES.—Orpington: Orpington City v. West Norwood.

Dartford: Dartford v. Nunhead.

Chesterfield: Chesterfield v. Gainsborough Wanderers.

Stamford Hill: Stamford Hill v. Alpine.

Catford: Catford v. Southgate.

Stepney: Stepney v. Leyton.

Harrow: Harrow v. Hendon.

Pimlico: Pimlico v. Paddington.

Harrow: Harrow v. Wanstead.

London Senior Cup—Qualifying Competition, Second Round.

Middlesex Junior Cup, Second Round.

Middlesex Charity Cup, First Round.

#### RUGBY UNION.

Whitehaven: Whitehaven v. Durham.

Devonport: Devonport Albion v. B.R.E. College.

Chelmsford: Chelmsford v. Royal Poly.

Co. entry: Coventry v. Northampton.

Gainsborough: Gainsborough Trinity v. Swans.

Grimsby: Grimsby v. Lincolnshire.

Birkenhead: Birkenhead v. Liverpool.

Cambridge: Cambridge University v. Harlequins.

Blackheath: Blackheath v. Moseley.

Richmond: Richmond v. O. M. Tykes.

Cricketwood: Cricketwood v. London Irish.

Finsbury: Finsbury v. Old Lloyds.

Ealing: Ealing v. Royal School of Mines.

Leicester: Leicester v. Royal Engineers.

Honor Oak: Honor Oak's v. Crystal Palace.

Leamington: Leamington v. Bradford.

London County: London County v. Old Boys.

Marlborough: Marlborough v. U.C.S. Old Boys.

Nottingham: Nottingham v. Rotherham.

Oldham: Oldham v. Sutton.

Orpington: Orpington v. Bromley.

Stepney: Stepney v. Clapton.

Southgate: Southgate v. Hackney.

Tottenham: Tottenham v. Leyton.

Wandsworth: Wandsworth v. 1st Army Corps.

Ealing: Ealing v. Victoria.

Stepney: Stepney v. Victoria.

Wandsworth: Wandsworth v. Victoria.

## Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), at the rate of 12 words 1/- (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by postal orders crossed **Courts and Co.** (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, **sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.**

### SITUATIONS WANTED.

**Domestic.**  
GENERAL (18) disposed; 2½ years' reference.—8, Esther-  
rd, New Ferry, Cheshire.

### SITUATIONS VACANT.

**Domestic.**  
COOK-GENERAL wanted, for 2 in family, for town.—Call  
at once, Mrs. F., 45, New Bond-st., W.

COOK-GENERAL wanted immediately, 2 in family; wages £20.—Call at once, Mrs. B., 45, New Bond-st., W.

GENERAL wanted for flat; 2 in family; wages £18.—  
Call Mrs. F., 45, New Bond-st., W.

HOUSEM AID wanted at once for town; 2 in family; 3  
servants; wages £20.—Write Y. H., Bond-street

Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted for flat in town; small  
family; wages £22.—Write X. A., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted for Hampton Court  
Palace; small family; wages £22.—Write Y. B., Bond-  
street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

LADY-NURSE wanted for France; good salary.—45,  
Highgate-nd, Doncaster.

MARRIED Couple wanted immediately; wages £60 to  
£70 per week; call to-day and Monday, Mrs. B., 45, New  
Bond-st., W.

NURSERY GOVERNESS wanted for Deal.—Apply to day,  
interview at 2 o'clock, 45, New Bond-st., W.

PARLOURMAID wanted at once for town; small family;  
thoroughly experienced; wages £22.—Write Y. P.,  
Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

P-A-M-AID wanted for Isle of Wight; one gentle-  
man; 3 servants; wages £22.—Write X. P., Bond-street

Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A GENTS wanted; Kyn-Kol. 1d. packet saves 1 ton of  
coal; one agent's cost, one week, £10 10s.; you can  
do this.—C. A. Hoult, Doncaster.

ART.—Persons wanted who could tint a small number of  
Christmas and postcard pictures; weekly; town or country;  
good pay. Address envelope, A., 6, Great James-st.,  
London, W.C.

CANVASSERS required in every town in England, Ire-  
land, and Scotland to qualify for depot managers;  
excellent remuneration; send 2s. 6d. for outfit; satisfactory  
references. Address, J. Cannon-nd, London.

MUSICAL Vacancies (talented young amateurs eligible);  
concerts commencing October 27th, West End Hall—  
Conductor, G. Queen's Rd, Hyde Park.

REPRESENTATIVE wanted by an important company;  
to a suitable person the remuneration will be most  
liberal. Address L., 1599, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-  
st., E.C.

£1 WEEKLY will be easily earned in your spare time,  
with excellent prospects of promotion to lucrative  
positions after proved ability; ladies specially invited apply,  
Benefit, 50, Cannon-nd, London.

### MOTORS AND CYCLES.

BARGAIN.—Gen't's 12-gauge Coventry cycle; new ma-  
chine, scarcely used; free wheel, quick gear; well  
licensed tyres, two rim brakes, accessories; approval; cash  
wanted; £5.—Student, 22, Fenitton-nd, Clapham-nd.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A TRIAL order solicited; high-class tailoring on easy  
terms; made to measure.—Woods and Greville, 76,  
Finsbury-nd.

A OENOPHORUM and its Results successfully treated by  
Oppenheimer Treatment.—Lady Henry Somerset stated:  
"Dr Oppenheimer has a remedy which must be an inestim-  
able boon to drunkards."—For full information apply Oppen-  
heimer Institute, Thanet House (opp. Law Courts), Strand,  
W.C.

AMBITIOUS Women's Privilege.—To be Beautiful;  
Independent royal robes, designed to show reviving  
qualities; guaranteed pure; complete beauty—A. H. Al-  
swyn's Bloom of Health Pills.—1s. boxes. Distinguished  
gentlewomen—Alma Terris, 1st May, Mabel Love—  
Mabel Love—Mrs. G. C. Moore—Mrs. G. C. Moore—  
delivered anywhere.—Russell Company, Tottenham.

ANKLES Weak? Why?—Explanatory booklet free.—Le  
Pell, Bootmaker, 75, Leadenhall-st.

A LIMA CURED By Zemantone.—Write for free trial  
box to Zemantone, 10, Bruce-st., London.

BAILEY'S TASTELESS PILLS for constipation, liver,  
and stomachic troubles; guaranteed free from mer-  
cury; sold in boxes 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or post free from  
Bailey's, 18, Pall Mall, London.

DEAFNESS AND NOSES IN HEAD.—Gentleman (red  
frock coat), will send Particulars of Remedy.—H.  
Gullion, 21, Amberley House, 33, Waterloo-nd, London.

FAMILIES Removing—Dell's Pantheon, Orville-nd,  
London.—Address: Dell's, 10, Bruce Special, Rusden.

HAIR Falling Off.—Lady who wears her hair has  
now strong, heavy growth; will send particulars to  
anyone enclosing stamped envelope.—Miss D. M. Field,  
Glenbowr, Shanks.

OLD ATTACHED Teeth bought; all should call or forward  
by post for full value per return or offer made.—Messrs.  
M. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 153, Oxford-st., Lon-  
don (estab. 190 years).

OLD ATTACHED Teeth bought; good prices given; money  
v. Pearce, 10, Granville-nd, Hove, Brighton.

PATENTS for Inventions and Trade Marks Registered  
throughout the world; moderate charges; particular  
gratuity given.—J. G. Day, 10, Bruce-st., London, W.C.

POLYPUS, Deafness, Defect of Sight, Fits, and all  
diseases of the head cured by using Baron McKinsey's  
new and safe remedy; patients free of charge from  
Percy's Laboratory, River-st., Truro.

SIX TIMES TOO MUCH COAL BURNED.—Write Sugar  
House Mills Company, Stratford.

TORGOL cures Fits and Nervousness; post paid, 4s.—  
Torgol, 5, Hawstead-nd, Catford, S.E.

TRUE Eucalyptus Oil is nasty, but undoubtedly prevents  
all colds and gripes; pure, cold-pressed.—Robbs  
Soft Gelatin Perles (5 drop each) is pleasantly easy to  
take; quite tasteless; box posted free. 1s. 2d.—Robbs and Co.,  
Manufacturers, 196, Romford-road, London.

WEAR Brandon Height-Increase; directions free; send  
as many—Brandon, Lullingstone-nd, Anerley.

## Daily Bargains.

**NOTICE.**—When replying to advertisements  
addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no  
remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

### Dress.

A A.—Credit tailoring suits, 2s. 4d.; overcoats, 30s;  
30s terms, 5s. monthly; 2s. 4d. free; please call—  
Wittam Tailoring Company, 231, Old-st., E.C.

A PARCEL—UNDERLINEN.—3 Ladies' chemises  
knickers, petticoats; 3 beautiful nightdresses, 10s. 6d.;  
apparel, 1s. 6d. Send to Uxbridge; Shepherd's Bush.

A BARGAIN.—Underlinen, 10s. 6d. parcel; 3 chemi-  
suits 3 knicker 2 petticoats; 3 lovely nightdresses, 10s. 6d.  
"Eva," 89, Union-nd, Clapham.

A COMFORTABLE Combination.—Your old boots fitted  
with leather supports, 3s. 6d.—Le Ped, Bootmaker, 76,  
Leadenhall-nd.

A FREE dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated  
postage stamp—British Linen Company, Oxford-nd.

A LOVELY Marabout Feather Stole, 80in. long, 6 rows;  
A very rich, handsome; worth 25s. accept 15s.; approval.  
H. Smith, 18, Bruce-nd, Uxbridge; Shepherd's Bush.

A MANUFACTURE Parcels.—Horrockses' longgloves,  
2 knicker, chemises, 3s. 9d.; Horrockses' flannelette, 1  
nightdress, knickers, 7s. 6d.—Harve Mason, 53,  
Sumner-nd, Clapham.

A WARM Overcoat for 15s.; call, select cloth, and be  
measured; worth 40s.; other prices to order; see sample  
goods or write for patterns.—Apply Workshops, Beach, 3,  
Evangelist-court, Ludgate-hill.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

### Dress.

GENT'S SUIT to measure, 25s.—"Tailor" Tailor-made Cos-  
tumes to measure, 6s. 6d.; payments by instalments if  
desired.—City Tailors, 20, Prince Wales-nd, Norwich.

ADV will sacrifice handsome, real marmotable stove  
6s. 6d.; approval.—T. T., 176, Ramsden-nd, S.W.

GOK!—You have all helped to pay for them before—  
Military Knee Boots, smart appearance, 7s. 6d. per pair;  
Naval Knee Boots, very strong, 6s. 6d. per pair; Blund-  
ers, 1s. 6d. per pair; Guards' breeches, 1s. 6d. per pair; reti-  
nance not approved of.—H. J. Gasson, Government Contractor.

NEW Sealkin Jacket, £5 7s. 6d.; great bargain;  
worth 10s. 6d.; extremely elegant; latest style; haunch;  
shape double-breasted; with rever and storm collar; appro-  
val willingly.—Miss Gwendoline, 43s, Clapham-nd.

"OCEANIC" Boots; none better; all one price, 10s. 6d.;  
cash returned if not approved.—Roddick, Swaffham-  
rd, East Dereham.

ONE SHILLING WEAR.—Clothing made to measure  
from 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.; Overcoat, 21s. 6d.;  
from 27s. 6d. Boots from 10s. 6d.; Ladies' Jackets, Mantles  
and Costumes; perfect fit guaranteed; delivered on small  
deposit—Bennett Department, 70, Stores, 6s. Aldersgate-  
st., London, E.C.

PURE IRISH LINEN, cheaper and better than shop-  
damask tablecloths, 63in. square, 2s. 11d.; apron  
7s. 6d. square yard; samples, anything linea, post free.—  
Hutton's, Room 81, Larne, Ireland.

SHOP BY POST at Wholesale Prices.—Ladies' Under-  
clothing, infants' Layettes from 19s.—Brown, 151,  
Uxbridge-nd, W.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

### Miscellaneous.

GEAR! Parcels flannelette, oddments, etc.; suitable for  
patchwork, dusters, overalls, etc.; 1s. and 1s. 6d. each;  
postage 3d.—Barber, Boddy, and Co., Warehouses, 153,  
Waste-nd.

HOUSE LINEN.—Derry and Toms, high-class linen  
drapers, Kensington High-st., London, W.; and this day  
and in all kinds of domestic House Linen, Table Linen,  
Down Quilts, and Blankets; illustrated catalogue free,  
showing prices, etc.

LADY SEVANTLESS FINDS TWYOL invaluable; keeps  
105, Tollington Park, London, N.

LADY'S-MAID must sell privately two handsome ladies'  
Oriental diamond and ruby Rings, 18-carat gold-plated;  
accept only 3s. the two; being bargain, approval before pay-  
ing willingly.—Miss Andrews, The Gables, Adelaide-nd,  
Ealing, London.

LARGE Assortment of new and second-hand Leather  
Trunks to be sold cheap.—Wester, 107, Charing Cross-  
rd, W.

PATCHWORK—choice Velvet and Flock squares,  
1s. 6d.; free.—Knight, Northgate, Yarmouth.

PATCHWORK—500 beautiful crazywork silks, 1s. 6d.,  
free.—Madam, 6, Williams-cottages, Leyton, Essex.

PICTORIAL Postcards; in beautiful colours and process  
work; thousands of new designs; British and foreign  
countries; writing; advertising actresses, celebrities, Japanese, Dutch  
costumes, etc.—Postage 1s. 6d.; post free; 2s. 6d. per  
50; 25 choice Christmas Postcards, 1s. 6d.; post free; Central  
Postcard Agency, 148-9, Aldersgate-nd, London, E.C.

O. DAVID PAWBROKE,  
26, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.

O. DAVID PAWBROKE,  
26, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE—FULL LIST POST FREE  
ON APPROVAL.

9/6. CASE—CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH,  
GENT'S, 18-CARAT GOLD PLATED; movement  
perfect; timekeeper, 10 years' written  
warranty; case, 18s. 6d.; stamped 18-carat gold (stamped)  
case, 18s. 6d.; seal attached; grandsons; 15 years' wear; worth  
£2 2s. Approval before payment.

9/6. LADY'S HANDSOME 18-CARAT GOLD  
KEYLESS WATCH; movement perfectly jewelled; movement  
splendid; case; splendid timekeeper; 10 years' warranty;  
case, 18s. 6d.; stamped 18-carat gold (stamped); seal attached;  
grandson; 15 years' wear; worth £2 2s. Approval before  
payment.

17/6. LADY'S £6 6d. SOLID GOLD (stamped) KEY-  
LESS WATCH; movement perfectly jewelled; movement  
engraved; case; splendid timekeeper; 10 years' warranty;  
case, 18s. 6d.; stamped 18-carat gold (stamped); seal attached;  
grandson; 15 years' wear; worth £2 2s. Approval before  
payment.

10/6. HANDBEAD 18-CARAT SERVICE SHEFFIELD  
WATCH.—SILVER.—12 sable, 12 Cheviot, Carrs, and  
Steel; Cufflinks; Gold; Hairpins; bracelets; unpolished; sacri-  
fice 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

8/6. CUBIC CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, 18-carat  
gold; 18s. 6d.; Approval before payment.

10/6. HANDBEAD LONG NECK CHAIN, genuine 18-  
carat gold; 18s. 6d.; Approval before payment.

5/9. In 14 Different Designs,  
all Silk Mixtures.

In any Size from  
32 to 42 Breast.

ALL ORDERS SENT  
CARRIAGE PAID.

ALL ORDERS SENT  
CARRIAGE PAID.

11/6. LOVELY REAL RUSSIAN SILK for colour  
rich and lustreous. Long Stole for Necklet; with  
handmade; 18s. 6d. Approval before payment.

16/9. MAGNIFICENT GRAPHS.—PHOTOGRAPH, with  
records; 18s. 6d.; Approval before payment.

10/6. LADY'S 18-CARAT GOLD AND ENAMEL DOUBLE  
HALF-HOOP RING; large, lustreous stones. 18s. 6d.;  
Approval before payment.

10/6. ELEGANT NEW SEALSKIN JACKET; latest  
sacque shape; double-breasted; fashionable  
silks; also storm collar, richly lined; worth £30; great  
size; 18s. 6d.; Approval before payment.

13/6. MAGNIFICENT £4 4s. quarter-piece HAND  
WATCH; movement by eminent Optician takes twelve  
plates; time and snap-second; 18s. 6d.; approval before  
payment.

10/6. GRAPH STOP WATCH.—18-CARAT GOLD CHRO-  
MATIC.—18s. 6d.; Approval before payment.

16/6. STOLE, seven strands; worth £5 6s.; sacrifice  
18s. 6d. Approval before payment.

O. DAVID PAWBROKE AND JEWELLER, 26,  
DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.

O. DAVID PAWBROKE, 26, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.

BARGAINS—EMANUEL'S PAWBROKE'S UN-  
DERWORLD EMPORIUM and BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIA-  
TION, 31, CLAPHAM-ROAD, LONDON.

CLAW-GRIP COLOSSAL SILVER CHAIN.—Approval  
before payment. Send postcard for complete list of  
BARGAINS.

12/6. EDGED 12s. 6d. MAGNIFICENT SET OF FURS,  
Elegant rich dark silk. Hair Alexandra Damask  
6ft. long; necklace with 6 tails, and handsome large muff;  
postage 1s. 6d.; approval before payment.

SILVER HALL-MARKE MOUNTED TABLE CUT-  
LERY.—10 guineas service; 12 table knives, 12 dessert knives,  
pair of nut knives; 12 cheese knives, carvers, and steel; Grayford  
silver balanced handles; unpolished; reduced price, 9s. 9d.  
SMOKER FOR APPARATE.—10 guineas service; 12  
smoking-tongs; rich, full, and long; with our real bushy  
fur; price greatly reduced, 18s. 6d.; perfectly new;

EXCEEDINGLY HANDSOME LONG NECK CHAIN,  
18-carat gold (stamped); filled; latest style; with pillars at  
intervals; 18s. 6d.; Approval before payment.

VALUABLE OLD VINTAGE.—mellow tone; labelled Strada-  
no; from 1860; 1870; 1880; 1890; 1900; 1910; 1920; 1930; 1940; 1950; 1960; 1970; 1980; 1990; 2000; 2010; 2020; 2030; 2040; 2050; 2060; 2070; 2080; 2090; 2100; 2110; 2120; 2130; 2140; 2150; 2160; 2170; 2180; 2190; 2200; 2210; 2220; 2230; 2240; 2250; 2260; 2270; 2280; 2290; 2300; 2310; 2320; 2330; 2340; 2350; 2360; 2370; 2380; 2390; 2400; 2410; 2420; 2430; 2440; 2450; 2460; 2470; 2480; 2490; 2500; 2510; 2520; 2530; 2540; 2550; 2560; 2570; 2580; 2590; 2600; 2610; 2620; 2630; 2640; 2650; 2660; 2670; 2680; 2690; 2700; 2710; 2720; 2730; 2740; 2750; 2760; 2770; 2780; 2790; 2800; 2810; 2820; 2830; 2840; 2850; 2860; 2870; 2880; 2890; 2900; 2910; 2920; 2930; 2940; 2950; 2960; 2970; 2980; 2990; 2000; 2010; 2020; 2030; 2040; 2050; 2060; 2070; 2080; 2090; 2100; 2110; 2120; 2130; 2140; 2150; 2160; 2170; 2180; 2190; 2200; 2210; 2220; 2230; 2240; 2250; 2260; 2270; 2280; 2290; 2300; 2310; 2320; 2330; 2340; 2350; 2360; 2370; 2380; 2390; 2400; 2410; 2420; 2430; 2440; 2450; 2460; 2470; 2480; 2490; 2500; 2510; 2520; 2530; 2540; 2550; 2560; 2570; 2580; 2590; 2600; 2610; 2620; 2630; 2640; 2650; 2660; 2670; 2680; 2690; 2700; 2710; 2720; 2730; 2740; 2750; 2760; 2770; 2780; 2790; 2800; 2810; 2820; 2830; 2840; 2850; 2860; 2870; 2880; 2890; 2900; 2910; 2920; 2930; 2940; 2950; 2960; 2970; 2980; 2990; 2000; 2010; 2020; 2030; 2040; 2050; 2060; 2070; 2080; 2090; 2100; 2110; 2120; 2130; 2140; 2150; 2160; 2170; 2180; 2190; 2200; 2210; 2220; 2230; 2240; 2250; 2260; 2270; 2280; 2290; 2300; 2310; 2320; 2330; 2340; 2350; 2360; 2370; 2380; 2390; 2400; 2410; 2420; 2430; 2440; 2450; 2460; 2470; 2480; 2490; 2500; 2510; 2520; 2530; 2540; 2550; 2560; 2570; 2580; 2590; 2600; 2610; 2620; 2630; 2640; 2650; 2660; 2670; 2680; 2690; 2700; 2710; 2720; 2730; 2740; 2750; 2760; 2770; 2780; 2790; 2800; 2810; 2820; 2830; 2840; 2850; 2860; 2870; 2880; 2890; 2900; 2910; 2920; 2930; 2940; 2950; 2960; 2970; 2980; 2990; 2000; 2010; 2020; 2030; 2040; 2050; 2060; 2070; 2080; 2090; 2100; 2110; 2120; 2130; 2140; 2150; 2160; 2170; 2180; 2190; 2200; 2210; 2220; 2230; 2240; 2250; 2260; 2270; 2280; 2290; 2300; 2310; 2320; 2330; 2340; 2350; 2360; 2370; 2380; 2390; 2400; 2410; 2420; 2430; 2440; 2450; 2460; 2470; 2480; 2490; 2500; 2510; 2520; 2530; 2540; 2550; 2560; 2570; 2580; 2590; 2600; 2610; 2620; 2630; 2640; 2650; 2660; 2670; 2680; 2690; 2700; 2710; 2720; 2730; 2740; 2750; 2760; 2770; 2780; 2790; 2800; 2810; 2820; 2830; 2840; 2850; 2860; 2870; 2880; 2890; 2900; 2910; 2920; 2930; 2940; 2950; 2960; 2970; 2980; 2990; 2000; 2010; 2020; 2030; 2040; 2050; 2060; 2070; 2080; 2090; 2100; 2110; 2120; 2130; 2140; 2150; 2160; 2170; 2180; 2190; 2200; 2210; 2220; 2230; 2240; 2250; 2260; 2270; 2280; 2290; 2300; 2310; 2320; 2330; 2340; 2350; 2360; 2370; 2380; 2390; 2400; 2410; 2420; 2430; 2440; 2450; 2460; 2470; 2480; 2490; 2500; 2510; 2520; 2530; 2540; 2550; 2560; 2570; 2580; 2590; 2600; 2610; 2620; 2630; 2640; 2650; 2660; 2670; 2680; 2690; 2700; 2710; 2720; 2730; 2740; 2750; 2760; 2770; 2780; 2790; 2800; 2810; 2820; 2830; 2840; 2850; 2860; 2870; 2880; 2890; 2900; 2910; 2920; 2930; 2940; 2950; 2960; 2970; 2980; 2990; 2000; 2010; 2020; 2030; 2040; 2050; 2060; 2070; 2080; 2090; 2100; 2110; 2120; 2130; 2140; 2150; 2160; 2170; 2180; 2190; 2200; 2210; 2220; 2230; 2240; 2250; 2260; 2270; 2280; 2290; 2300; 2310; 2320; 2330; 2340; 2350; 2360; 2370; 2380; 2390; 2400; 2410; 2420; 2430; 2440; 2450; 2460; 2470; 2480; 2490; 2500; 2510; 2520; 2530; 2540; 2550; 2560; 2570; 2580; 2590; 2600; 2610; 2620; 2630; 2640; 2650; 2660; 2670; 2680; 2690; 2700; 2710; 2720; 2730; 2740; 2750; 2760; 2770; 2780; 2790; 2800; 2810; 2820; 2830; 2840; 2850; 2860; 2870; 2880; 2890; 2900; 2910; 2920; 2930; 2940; 2950; 2960; 2970; 2980; 2990; 2000; 2010; 2020; 2030; 2040; 2050; 2060; 2070; 2080; 2090; 2100; 2110; 2120; 2130; 2140; 21